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The Bewick Club and its Founders.

SEVERAL art clubs, or associations for the study of painting and drawing, have at various times been formed in Newcastle. They generally consisted of a few professional and amateur artists, who met together at stated times principally for the purpose of studying from the living model. The Newcastle Life School, which came into existence some ten years ago, was one of these institutions. It included most of the best local artists of the day; but it was limited in its scope. A taste for art was then manifesting itself in the North, the number of artists and art students greatly increased, and it soon became evident that an association more comprehensive in its aims was necessary to meet the growing requirements. This was recognised by all the members of the Life School. It was some little time before any definite steps were taken; but eventually the Bewick Club was commenced, under circumstances recorded in our sketch of Mr. Thomas Dickinson. It is sufficient to add here that the club has realised the most sanguine expectations of its promoters, that its membership continues to augment, and that a long period of usefulness may be confidently anticipated for it.

H. H. EMMERSON.

The career of Mr. H. H. Emmerson, the president of the Bewick Club, is replete with interest to art students. That he was born with a genius for painting admits of no doubt. From his earliest years he could draw, and it is a well known fact that he excelled as a draughtsman before he could write.

Henry Hetherington Emmerson was born in 1831 at Chester-le-Street in the county of Durham. He belongs to the family of which Emerson the philosopher, and

Emerson the mathematician, were famous members. Though the names are spelt differently, they all spring from Hurworth-on-Tees. Excellence in art and pedestrianism is not a combination usually found in youths of ten. Though devoting most of his time to draw-



H. H. Emmerson,

ing, young Henry did not neglect athletic sports. He became a very swift runner—in fact, the fastest runner in the world of his age. The first time his name ap-

peared in public prints was in connection with this sport—not with art, as might have been expected. A challenge from his backers was put into *Bell's Life* offering to run any lad of his age. It was never accepted, but he ran several handicaps with professional men, and never lost a race.

This by the way. All the while young Emmerson had been prosecuting his studies with ardour. He recalls his first oil painting to mind with much humour. He possessed some oil colours, but no medium. "Ah," said a youthful acquaintance, "I'll get you some oil." The lad at once made a raid upon his sister's boudoir, and stole her hair oil. With this medium young Emmerson painted his first picture in oils. The result may be imagined. The colours ran into one another—the eyes into the mouth, the mouth into the chin, and so on. In vain did young Emmerson turn it upside down in the hope that the colours would run back again.

At this time his studies were somewhat desultory. Having no regular instruction in art, he copied anything that took his fancy. But when he was thirteen years of age, it was thought that he should have the best available instruction to be obtained in the district. He, therefore, went to Newcastle, where he studied under Mr. W. B. Scott, principal of the Government School of Art, then located in rooms above the shop now occupied by Mr. H. A. Murton, in Market Street. Amongst the students were the late Mr. John Campbell, father of Mr. John Hodgson Campbell; Mr. John Surtees, the eminent landscape painter; Mr. Finney, now head master of the Liverpool School of Art; and many others who have since risen to fame. Mr. Scott took a great interest in Emmerson, and rendered him all the assistance in his power. When he joined the school, it happened that he was rather late to enter into a competition for a prize. But Mr. Scott urged him to try for it, and allowed him to take his work home. One night, when he had nearly finished his drawing, he was overcome with weariness, and fell asleep. When he awoke he found that he had accidentally spoilt his drawing. He at once commenced a new one, and finished it in time for the competition. It won the prize, which was presented to him by the Duke of Northumberland.

Emmerson continued his studies under Mr. Scott for about two years and a half. His next step was an important one. A clergyman who had noticed the lad's talent sent him to Paris for six months. There he occupied his time in making copies of paintings in the Louvre. At the termination of this period, he went to London, and copied subjects in the National Academy. Afterwards he succeeded in gaining admission to the Royal Academy as a pupil. During the time he was thus engaged in London, he had his living to make, and the difficulty was how to prosecute his studies at the same time. It is sufficient here to say that for

a time he knew what it was to want a dinner, for the reason that he had not the wherewithal to pay for it. It was only for a time. His introduction to many patrons was through the intervention of the Hon. Mrs. Cust.

Success was now the word. He had won a reputation for painting children, and orders came in from every hand. Fully occupied, his exchequer was flourishing. Altogether he was doing very well. Another source of congratulation was the acceptance at the Royal Academy of a picture entitled "The Village Tailor," which was honoured with a position on the line. Had he remained in London, there is no knowing what letters might have followed his name; but it was to be otherwise. The influence of Mr. Ruskin was strong within him at this time. The great critic and philosopher had already noticed some of Emmerson's pictures very favourably, and when Ruskin put forth his dictum that every artist should live in the country, Emmerson accepted the theory. In fact, it fell in with his views entirely, for he had always had a love for active exercise and country life.

Emmerson came back to the North, and went to live at Elchester, where he met the lady who was to be his partner through life. The happy event took place soon after he arrived at man's estate. The first ten years of his married life were spent amid the sylvan beauties which are to be found at Stocksfield-on-Tyne—a veritable home for an artist. Here he painted many important works, several of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. "The Queen's Letter," depicting an incident connected with dreadful disaster at Hartley Colliery, caused a great sensation. "The Foreign Invasion" and "The Branks" were bought by Lord (then Sir William) Armstrong. "The Critics," a popular work, was engraved, and in that form commanded a large sale. Emmerson soon found it convenient to remove to Tosson, near Rothbury. Here he painted the portrait of Lord Armstrong, which was exhibited at the Jubilee Exhibition; "Johnny Armstrong's Return," now at Jesmond; "Faithful unto Death," telling the story of a dog that was found licking the hands of a shepherd who had died in a snowdrift; and many other works. One of the best of his pictures—"Johnny Armstrong's Farewell"—was in 1888 reproduced in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. ii., page 217.)

During recent years Mr. Emmerson has resided at Cullercoats, where the picturesque fisherfolks have afforded him many subjects for his pencil.

ROBERT JOBLING.

Robert Jobling, vice-president of the Bewick Club, was born at St. Lawrence, Newcastle, in the year 1841. He commenced to draw when he was about six or seven years of age, finding his subjects in the immediate neighbourhood of his home. His father

was a glassmaker to trade, and, after a limited term at school, young Jobling went to work at the same factory. Here he continued until he was about sixteen years of age. All this time he had been devoting his spare hours to drawing and painting. He soon became convinced that it was his lot to become an artist. He had never had any instruction, nor had he seen anyone



paint; nevertheless, he felt the inclination so strongly that he determined, at some future time, to devote himself to art. In the hope that he might gain some knowledge that would be useful to him, he obtained employment as a house painter; but, of course, the opportunities afforded to him were extremely limited. His evenings, however, were spent at the School of Art conducted by Mr. W. Cosens Way. Two sessions of hard work in the elementary classes laid a firm ground work. An exhibition of his paintings, which he held in Newcastle some twenty years ago was so favourably noticed by the *Newcastle Chronicle* and other local newspapers that he determined to give up his employment (he was then a foreman painter in a shipyard), and endeavour to earn a living by his brush and palette. Progress has been slow, but sure, and Mr. Jobling's position in the artistic world is in every sense gratifying, for his works find acceptance at the Royal Academy, and at most of the principal exhibitions in the country.

Mr. Jobling is best known for his marine and river subjects. Living as he does at Cullercoats, he finds plenty of employment for the exercise of his talent. The fishermen and fisherwives are depicted by him with rare skill. In this department of art he has won his greatest triumphs. In tragic scenes, showing the brave fisher-folk fighting for life amidst the breakers, or in representations of peaceful moonlight, he is equally successful. Woodland scenery sometimes claims his attention, but less so than the coast. In the department of black and white he has done good work. The *Art Journal* and other illustrated magazines occasionally contain contributions by him, and acting as he does as the local artist for the *Graphic*, the pages of that newspaper are frequently adorned with his drawings.

JOHN SURTEES.

John Surtees, now the oldest artist in Newcastle, was born at Ebchester, in the county of Durham. Through the influence of the late Mr. Peter Annandale, he was apprenticed to Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., the well-known engineers. Shortly after he entered upon his duties, he joined the local Art School in Market Street, then under the charge of Mr. Frank Oliphant, husband of the novelist. Young Surtees devoted as much spare time as possible to his studies; but the nature of his duties at Stephenson's Works was such that he was frequently employed there until ten o'clock



at night. Still he must have made good use of his time, as we find that, during the first year, he gained a prize for a drawing from the antique.

At the end of his apprenticeship, Mr. Surtees would

have joined a large engineering firm in London; but Messrs. Stephenson and Co. were so desirous of retaining his services that they gave him the appointment of foreman of the works. He remained with the firm for some half-dozen years more, and then determined to win a position as an artist. Long before he came to that conclusion, he had engaged a studio in Grainger Street, Newcastle, where he spent much of his spare time. One of his neighbours was the artist Edward Train, then a man of middle age.

Soon after the commencement of his new career, Mr. Surtees sent two landscapes to the Royal Academy. Both were hung, and both were bought by David Roberts, R.A., a member of the Hanging Committee. This was a great encouragement. Hitherto, he had found difficulty in disposing of his landscapes; but he subsequently received commissions for several scenes from nature. He soon gave up the painting of portraits and figures, which had previously engaged his attention, and devoted himself entirely to landscape. In the course of his sketching excursions he has visited over and over again the English Lake District, Scotland, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and North Wales. Extended sojourns have also been made in the Riviera, Florence, Bologna, Rome, Pompeii, and other parts of Italy.

Soon after the second visit to Italy, Mr. Surtees was agreeably surprised to receive a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, requesting that a folio of his Italian sketches should be sent to Windsor for the Queen's inspection. This command was speedily obeyed, and her Majesty was graciously pleased to purchase two important drawings—one of the Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore, and the other of the Arch on the Cap Martin. Mr. Surtees's drawings made in the region of Rome found ready buyers; Lady Armstrong alone bought more than a dozen. Mr. Surtees's patrons are not confined to England, and include Mr. Cyrus Field, the American millionaire; the Hon. G. C. Hawker, of Adelaide; and Sir William Clarke, of Melbourne—all of whom have important collections.

The year 1888 was the twenty-fifth in which Mr. Surtees exhibited at the Royal Academy, and thirty of his pictures have been on view on the walls of that institution.

Mr. Surtees is wedded to a lady in every way fitted to perfect his happiness. An artist herself, and gifted with no mean literary talent, she is a true helpmate. How much of his success and happiness in this world is due to her encouragement and assistance is only known to the painter himself.

RALPH HEDLEY.

Ralph Hedley was born at Gilling, near Richmond, Yorkshire, in the year 1850. He came to Newcastle at an early age. After the usual period at school, he was for a

short time connected with one of the departments of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. For two or three years he attended the School of Art, then, as now, conducted by Mr. Cosens Way, and before the age of 15 had secured medals for model drawing, anatomy, and painting, as well as other



prizes. He was apprenticed to Mr. T. H. Tweedy, wood-carver, of Newcastle, with whom he served his full time. During his apprenticeship, he carved three of the panels of the set of Tam o' Shanter now at Chipchase Castle. At the termination of his indentures, Mr. Hedley was for a short time in the service of Mr. Gerard Robinson, with whom Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., served his apprenticeship as a wood-carver. This was only for a few months, as Mr. Hedley and another young man commenced business for themselves. The partnership did not continue long, as his companion died shortly afterwards. Since then he has carried on the business with most gratifying success.

That Mr. Hedley is also a sculptor is not generally known. Not many weeks ago, when he visited the mansion of a local baronet, some marble alto-relievo panels were shown to him as being very fine. No one was more surprised than himself when on examination he found that they were his own work, executed some dozen years previously.

The principal pictures that Mr. Hedley has painted are "Northumberland Politicians"; "The Sword

Dancers," a sketch of which will be found in vol. i., page 464; "The News Boy," "Proclaiming the Horse Fair at Corbridge," "The Wedding Quilt," "Last in the Market," "The Market Morning," "The Fishermen's Sunday," and "Contraband," the latter, when exhibited at the last exhibition of the Bewick Club, attracting more attention than any other of his pictures. Several of Mr. Hedley's works have been reproduced in chromo-lithography.

Mr. Hedley holds certain opinions of his own as to the mission of the artist. He thinks that there are plenty of good subjects to be found in the North, and that it is unnecessary to go further afield. Moreover, he contends that an artist should give special study to events of our own day in preference to those which took place say a couple of centuries ago. This, he thinks, is the true ideal of the historical painter. That he carries out his views is proved by the subjects of his pictures.

THOMAS DICKINSON.

The history of the Bewick Club is so inseparably interwoven with the story of the latter part of Mr. Dickinson's life that to recount the history of the one is practically to record the main incidents connected with the other.

Thomas Dickinson was born some 34 years ago in Allendale. After the usual period at school, he came to Newcastle in 1872, and commenced to study at the Government School of Art, presided over by Mr. W. C. Way. His studies, however, were also partly under the guidance of his cousin, the late Mr. John Dickinson, the well-known portrait painter. At the examinations he carried off several prizes. At one time he had intended to follow the profession of an artist, but his health was so precarious that he was obliged to give up the idea.

We now come to the inception of the Bewick Club. About eight or nine years ago Mr. Dickinson joined the Newcastle Life School—an institution for the study of art which was then in existence. But it soon became apparent to him that an art club to be worthy of the name must be of a more comprehensive character. The Life School was too narrow in its scope; landscape painters were not included, and there were defects in its organisation which must be repaired. Mr. Dickinson prepared the basis of a plan which ultimately resulted in the establishment of the Bewick Club. On submitting it to Mr. H. H. Emmerson, that gentleman heartily approved of it. Mr. Robert Jobling also approved of the scheme. Nothing further was done for a while. But one night it happened that the model whom the Life School had engaged did not put in an appearance. After sitting for a while, Mr. Emmerson observed: "Well, it won't do to waste time; let us hold a meeting." "Agreed!" cried everybody present. Mr. Dickinson then gave details of his plan. Finally, it was resolved to form a new society which was to be named the Bewick Club. At the annual

meeting in January following the scheme was carried into operation, Mr. Dickinson being appointed honorary secretary.

The next point to consider was an exhibition of pictures and an art union. It had struck Mr. Dickinson that as art unions had been successful elsewhere the same plan could be applied to Newcastle. No art union had been formed in the town before. There had been lotteries, but they were not legalized, and did not belong to the same category. Mr. Dickinson visited various towns in England and Scotland for the purpose of investigating the methods of conducting art unions, and submitted the result to the committee appointed to deal with the matter.



The plan was ordered to be carried out. Mr. Dickinson next prepared for the first exhibition of pictures under the auspices of the Bewick Club, held in 1884, when Mr. James Noble and Mr. Faraday Spence were associated with him as honorary secretaries. Altogether the exhibition was a success, the art union answered fairly well, and the committee had cause to be satisfied. The balance in hand, after paying all expenses, was £100.

Exhibitions, all more or less successful from an artistic and most of them from a financial point of view, have been held every year since, that of 1887 being connected

with the Jubilee Exhibition on the Town Moor. And the main work of organising them all has devolved on Mr. Dickinson.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

THE following is the common stall copy of an old Northumbrian ballad, of which there is a variety of versions in all the languages of Northern Europe. Ballads founded upon similar incidents are to be found in Scottish collections under the titles of "May Colvine" and "The Water of Wearie's Well," and also in the Scandinavian, German, and Slavic languages. The old Danish ballad of "Marstig's" or "Marc Stig's Daughter," said to refer to "the exiled daughter of a Danish nobleman who was executed for the murder of King Erick Glipping, A.D. 1236," tells an identical tale.

By the term "Outlandish" is signified an inhabitant of that portion of the Border which was formerly known by the name of "the Debateable Land," a district which, though claimed by both England and Scotland, could not be said to belong to either country. The people on each side of the Border applied the term "Outlandish" to the "Debateable" residents.

The tune was taken down by the writer from the singing of Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, sister of the late Mr. Robert White, an indefatigable collector, and a learned authority upon our old Northumbrian minstrelsy.

An out-land-ish knight came
from the North lands, And
he came a woo-in' to me. He
told me he'd take me un-
to the North lands And
there he would mar-ry me.

"Come, fetch me some of your father's gold
And some of your mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stand thirty and three."

She fetched him some of her father's gold
And some of her mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted her on her milk-white steed
And he on the dapple grey;
They rode till they came unto the sea side
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off thy milk-white steed
And deliver it unto me;
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

"Pull off, pull off thy silken gown
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks they are too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea."

"If I must pull off my Holland smock,
Pray turn thy back to me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see."

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green;
She caught him by the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the stream.

He dropped high, he dropped low
Until he came to the side—
"Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,
And I will make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
Six pretty maids have you drowned there,
But the seventh has drowned thee."

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple grey;
She rode till she came to her own father's hall
Three hours before it was day.

The parrot being in the window so high,
Hearing the lady, did say:
"I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you've tarried so long away."

"Don't prittle or prattle, my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Though now it is made of a tree."

The king being in his chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot, did say:
"What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day?"

"It's no laughing matter," the parrot did say,
"But so loudly I call unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me."

"Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
Well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory."

A Letter of the Poet of the Seasons.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

IN the issue of the *Kelso Mail* for April 13th, 1779, is printed a letter which purports to have been written by James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," and which (if it be, as it seems to be, genuine) deserves—as the production of a man about whom too little is known, written at an interesting period of his career, and containing a highly characteristic passage—to be accorded a wider publicity. Thomson's connection with the Kelso district is well known. The letter, which is addressed to a certain Dr. Cranston (who appears to have been the companion of the poet's early youth, and who was the son of the then minister of Ancrum), on the death of the recipient, fell into the hands of a brother, and subsequently into those of the brother's family. It then lay unnoticed among lumber until it happened to be taken up by a servant for the purpose of packing some candlesticks which were sent to Kelso to be exchanged. The person into whose hands it next fell fortunately discovered its value; and it so came to be printed in the *Mail*. Of course this story, unless backed by strong internal evidence of the authenticity of the letter, would be worth little; but I think it will be conceded that such evidence is forthcoming. The letter is without date, and signed only with the initials J. T. It appears to have been written soon after the arrival of the poet in England—whither he went after the death of his mother. It opens with a somewhat diffuse statement of the writer's pecuniary position, followed, with some circumlocution, by an application for a loan, to be promptly repaid. It then proceeds as follows—(the original spelling is retained):—

Now, I imagine you seized wt. a fine, romantic kind of melancholy, on the fading of the year. now I figure you wandering philosophical, and pensive, amidst the brown, wither'd groves; while the leaves rustle under your feet. the sun gives a farewell parting gleam and the birds

Str the faint note, and but attempt to sing.

then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle, and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known Cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling awful thought; I'm sure, you would not resign your part in that scene at an easy rate. none e'er enjoy'd it to the height you do, and you're worthy of it. ther I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. this country, I am in, is not so very entertaining. no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. but where is the living stream? the airy mountain? and the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature?—Nature delights me in every form, I am just now painting her, in her most lugubrious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. after my first proposal of the subject,

I sing of winter, and his gelid reign;
Nor let a rhyming insect of the spring,
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
Of manly charms; to me, who court the shade,
Whom, the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of summer. Welcome! kindred glooms!
Drear awful wintry horrors, Welcome all! &c.*

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further I prosecute the purport of the following ones

Nor can I o departing Summer! choose
But consecrate one plying line to you;
Sing your last temper'd days, and sunny calms.
That cheer the spirits, and serene the soul.

The terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of year, and have already happen'd here,† (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully) the first produced the enclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head, in it are some masterly strokes that awaken'd me—being only a present amusement, 'tis ten to one but I drop it in when e'er another fancy comes cross.

The remainder of the letter, which is a somewhat lengthy one, is occupied with matters of less interest. I am indebted to Mr. John Smith, the present editor of the *Kelso Mail*, who has recently reprinted the letter in his columns, for permission to make this communication.

Cumberland and the Scottish Kings.

NOW often in history do we find the old Kings of Scotland laying claim to the Border lands, notably of Westmoreland and Cumberland, as being possessions of theirs by right of inheritance! What foundation there was for this claim, and how at length it was compromised, is matter of history few are familiar with, though much of the strife ensuing of old betwixt the English and Scots originated in the rival claims to ancient Cumberland. This being a subject of special interest to North-Country folk, a brief recital of the facts may not be out of place.

According to Fordun, Constantine was the first of the Scottish kings who made the heir-apparent to his crown Prince of Cumberland. But there is reason to believe that Cumbria was not connected with Scotland till the reign of his successor, Malcolm I., the son of Donald IV., to whom it was ceded by the Saxon king Edmund (945). The territory thus ceded to the Scots consisted of the modern Cumberland and Westmoreland. It had constituted an independent British Kingdom, under the name of Reged, and had strenuously resisted the attempts of the Saxon kings to destroy its independence. At length Edmund the Elder, of England, succeeded in conquering

* These lines appear to have been cancelled in the sequel; but, in the address to the Earl of Wilmington at the opening of *Winter*, the poet speaks of filling his ear

With bold description and with manly thought.

† The editor of the *Mail* supposes the letter to have been written at Ea-net.

this little kingdom, and put out the eyes of the five sons of Dunmail, its last British king. He then bestowed his new acquisition on Malcolm, on condition that he would become his associate in war, or, as the terms are explained by Matthew of Westminster, "that he would defend the northern parts of England from the invasions of his enemies, whether they came by sea or land." (*Vide* Dr. Taylor's "History of Scotland," vol. i., p. 35.)

Early in the Conqueror's reign, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland were guaranteed to Malcolm III. and his successors, for which he did homage. "According to Hector Boethius" [or circa about 1500] "the limits," quotes Hutchinson, "were ascertained by a cross erected on the heights of the desert of Stranmore, the remains of which are yet [1784] to be seen in the midst of a large entrenchment called Roy Cross."

In 1091, Malcolm resigned these counties to the crown of England, and did homage to Rufus on having confirmed to his crown "twelve towns in England, and an annual pension of twelve marks of gold," as arranged in the previous reign. The following year, however, offended at William for building a castle at Carlisle, and refusing subsequently to do homage in the presence of the English barons, the Scots King, in displeasure, in 1093, "assembled an army and burst into Northumberland, which he wasted with fire and sword." But while besieging Alnwick Castle he was surprised and slain by the Northumbrian earl, Robert de Mowbray.

Cumberland for centuries seems to have been held by, or withheld from, the Scots, much at the discretion or caprice of the English kings. In 1173, we find Henry II. promising to cede Northumberland and Cumberland to Scotland on King William the Lion engaging to aid him in suppressing the rebellion instigated by his son, Prince Henry. In the 13th century Henry III. revived the ancient claim of sovereignty over Scotland, which provoked Alexander II., on the other hand, to demand "delivery of the counties of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, as his right by inheritance." This counter-claim led to a royal conference in Newcastle, or, as Matthew Paris records, at York, resulting in the Scottish King's claims being compounded for by Henry granting him lands to the value of eighty marks yearly. Again, at the latter part of the century, we find Edward I., in final settlement of the Scots claim on the Northern Counties, assigning lands in Penrith and Sowerby in Cumberland to the yearly value of £200.

The ancient Kingdom of the Cumbrians, according to Smollett (1758), extended from the walls of Severus as far as Dunbritton, in the western part of Scotland, and comprehended Galloway, Carrick,

Kyle, and Cunningham. The homage, he says, which the Scottish kings paid to the English monarchs for their territories "was in all probability the foundation of the English claim to the sovereignty of all Scotland."

N. E. R.

Duddo Tower and Stones.



IN the rocky summit of Grindon Rigg, in the township of Duddo, and district of Northumberland, are the remains of Duddo or Dudhowe Tower. A vault, which has been a safe hold for cattle, forms the principal remains; but from the elevated situation of the old fortlet, it is still a



conspicuous object all around. It was most likely built by one of the Stryveling or Stirling family, who anciently held the manor in dringage or drengage, having, it seems, been among those Saxon franklins who



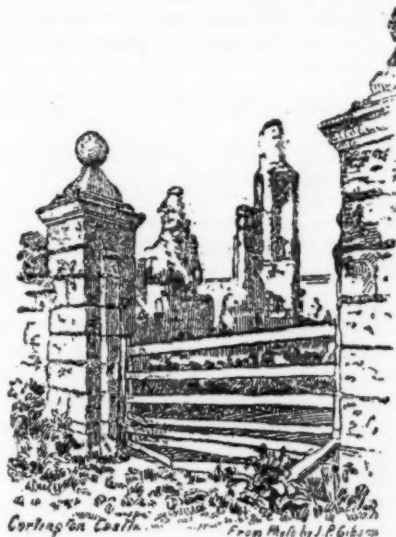
DUDDO STONES.

were dispossessed of their estates at the Conquest, but had them given back again, because they did not oppose William the Conqueror, either by their persons or their counsels. The rent which was rendered by them to the Crown was seven marks a year, which, if they were gold marks, would be equivalent to £128 9s. 4d. in sterling money. In 1391, the estate descended to William de Clavering, in tail; and from the Claverings it afterwards passed into the hands of the Greys, part of whose extensive possessions it now is. A little to the north-west of the tower are six rude stones or pillars placed on the summit of an eminence, in a circular order, forming an area of ten yards diameter. The largest is about eight feet high. They are known as the Duddo Stones, and some learned archaeologists have set them down as Druidical; but the local tradition is that they were placed where they stand in commemoration of a victory gained at Grindon, in the year 1558, by the Earl of Northumberland and his brother Sir Henry Percy, over a plundering and burning party of Scottish horse, accompanied, as Ridpath tells us, by some foot, who were either Frenchmen or trained and commanded by French officers, and who were driven in disorder across the Tweed. The accompanying sketch of the stones, showing their appearance in 1836, was published in Richardson's "Table Book," vol. iv., 1844.

Cartington Castle.

CARTINGTON, in old maps Cortington (possibly by mistake), lies between two and three miles north-west by north of Rothbury. The first recorded owner was one Ralph Fitzmain, the King's forester of Northumberland, who held it in 1154. It was afterwards possessed by a family that bore the local name, but which is now extinct. John de Cartington was knight of the shire in 1428, 1446, and 1472, during the troublesome reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. He married Joanna, second daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Claxton, Lord of Devylstoune, or Dilston, by whom he had an only daughter. This lady married Sir Edward Ratcliffe, son of Sir Thomas Ratcliffe, of Derwentwater, county of Cumberland. Cartington remained in the Ratcliffe family for four or five generations, after which it came by marriage to the Widdringtons, the last of whom, Sir Edward Widdrington, of Cartington, who raised a troop of horse for the service of King Charles

I., and whose estate was sequestered by the Parliament in 1652, had several daughters, but no son. Lady Mary, his eldest daughter and co-heir, married Edward Charlton, Esq., of Hesleyside, who was created a baronet in 1645, and got back the sequestered estates at the Restoration. After Sir Edward's death, his relict founded an



almshouse at Cartington for four poor widows of the Roman Catholic religion, endowing it with about £6 per annum. From the Charltons the estate passed to the Talbots, coming ultimately into the possession of the



CARTINGTON CASTLE, 1841.

present proprietor, Lord Armstrong. Little of the old fortress remains; but that little will now be carefully preserved, Mr. C. C. Hodges having been instructed by Lord Armstrong to put it in such order as to resist, as far as possible, the further assaults of time. Mr. Gibson's photograph, taken two or three years ago, shows merely a few fragments of wall standing; but a woodcut in Richardson's "Table Book," here reproduced, proves that a very considerable portion of the old fortalice was in existence in 1841.

Scenes and Characters in "Guy Mannering."



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S novel of "Guy Mannering" has always been one of the most popular of the Waverley series of fictions, and that not merely on account of the exquisite skill with which the somewhat incredible story is told, but for the numerous well-defined characters, some of them real, and others veiled under fictitious names—the latter even more realistic than the former—that are happily introduced in the course of it. The scene is laid in Dumfriesshire and the neighbouring county of Cumberland, and the events are supposed to have taken place near the end of the American War. The leading incidents in the life of Henry Bertram, who is really the hero of the story, bear a strong resemblance to those of the unsuccessful claimant in the famous Annesley Succession Case, tried in 1743, the names of many of the witnesses who appeared on that trial having been appropriated, with slight alterations, to characters in the novel.

Ellangowan, the supposed family seat of the Bertrams, had in its grounds the old castle of the same name, which had been in the possession of the family ever since Cumbria was a separate principality. That castle is supposed to have been Caerlaverock, an ancient fortalice, situated on a level plain on the east side of the Nith, about eight miles from Dumfries. After having undergone innumerable sieges, and been taken, re-taken, dismantled, and restored several times, it was ultimately sacked by Cromwell, subsequent to whose time it ceased to be a tenable fortress, fell into decay, and now presents only a massive and picturesque ruin to the inspection of the tourist. Being close to the sea, it could not fail to afford a rendezvous and place of shelter to the smugglers who swarmed thereabouts a hundred years ago, and a particular gang of whom, in complicity with a tribe of gipsies, turn out to be main agents in the plot of "Guy Mannering."

The Isle of Man was then, and for some time afterwards continued to be, the chief mart in the British Isles for contraband goods, such as Hollands gin, French

wines and brandies, tobacco, silk, &c.; and the Scottish shore of the Solway Firth formed a convenient landing-place for them. Most of the petty tradesmen in Galloway and Dumfriesshire, and not a few of the inferior landed gentry, were more or less connected with the smugglers, who were mostly desperadoes hailing from French and Dutch ports.

These adventurers found very efficient allies in the gipsies who roamed over the district during the summer and autumn months, and found shelter during the winter in rows of wretched huts in secluded places, generally in the near neighbourhood of the sea, where they had been allowed to squat down by some easy-going laird. The Derncleuch of the story was one of those collections of cottages, such as were to be found in out-of-the-way corners on both sides of the Border less than a century ago. Kirk Yetholm, the headquarters of the Roxburghshire gipsies, is still to the fore as a very superior sample of the kind of hamlet described.

Meg Merrilies, the queen of the Derncleuch gipsy gang, who is the pivot of the whole story, had her prototype in the notorious Jean Gordon, of Yetholm, who was quite a character in her day, and of whom innumerable stories are told. A full account of Meg is given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 123.

The real story of Dominic Sampson need not be repeated here, as it is told by Sir Walter Scott himself in the introduction; but several traits in his character are popularly believed to have been taken from the Rev. George Thompson, son of the parish minister of Melrose, who was a man equally famous in the district he lived in for his profound scholastic attainments and his extraordinary absence of mind. He was engaged, for some time, as tutor to Sir Walter Scott's children at Abbotsford, and occasionally employed by the author of "Waverley" as his amanuensis. He was just such a person as Sir Walter delighted to meet with and study; but, of course, the account of his acts and deeds in the novel is entirely fictitious.

Dandie Dinmont is, to my way of thinking, beyond all question the best portrait of a Scottish Border sheep farmer ever exhibited to the public—the most honourable to that respectable class of men—the most creditable to the heart as well as the genius of the artist—the truest to nature—the most interesting and the most complete in all its lineaments. Sir Walter got acquainted with the man whom he christened Dandie during the first of his seven annual raids into Liddesdale, which took place in 1792. He started from Abbotrule, near Hawick, along with Mr. Robert Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, who knew the locality thoroughly; and the first farmhouse that the couple visited was Millburnholm, on the Hermitage Water, near the junction of the Whitrope Burn with the Liddell. The primitive condition of the inhabitants of the district may be imagined from what Scott's biographer tells us was the

sensation this visit caused. When informed that Scott was an advocate, the farmer received him with great ceremony and insisted on himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied the farmer, who, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say de'il hae me if I'se be the least feared for him noo; he's just a chield like oursells, I think." According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm, with whom Scott and his companion lingered over the punch-bowl till they were "half-glowrin," was the person who first suggested the character of Dandie Dinmont to the novelist.

The old farm-house at Millburnholm has now disappeared, having been replaced by a couple of new houses, built for the farm servants on Hermitage Farm, to which the place has been attached.

The name of Dandie's homestead of Charlieshope was probably suggested by Thorlieshope, a place which stands on a small burn falling into the Liddell, near its source, not far from Saughtree—formerly the home of one of the sweetest of the Border minstrels, James Telfer, author of "The Gloamyn'g Bucht," who spent the latter part of his life there in the capacity of schoolmaster. The description of Charlieshope, however, does not in any way correspond to that of Thorlieshope; but Jock o' Dawston-Cleugh, Dandie's litigious neighbour, no doubt got his Christian name and cognomen from his being supposed to be located at Dawstone Rigg, or Daustone Burn, on Saughtree Farm, opposite to Thorlieshope.

Another original character, however, has been more popularly identified with Dandie Dinmont—I mean Mr. James Davidson, of Hyndlee, in the parish of Hobkirk, in Teviotdale, who carried the name of Dandie to his grave with him. Yet it seems certain that Scott did not become acquainted with this gentleman till several years after the publication of the novel, and that he was then first pointed out to him by Shortreed himself, who had previously given him some account of Mr. Davidson's now famous breed of pepper and mustard terriers, as being such capital dogs for dealing with "fumarts and tods," that is, polecats and foxes.

Mump's Ha', where Dandie first met Brown, *alias* Bertram, was a hedge alehouse, still existing, near Gilsland,* which once had a bad reputation for harbouring banditti, such as haunted the wild country known as Bewcastle Waste, over which lay the route from Haltwhistle into Liddesdale. Staneshiebank Fair, at which Dandie said he had been, was of course the fair at Stagshawbank, held thrice a year, near Corbridge.

John Hay, who "caught a kipper" at the stream below Hempseed Ford, as told by the Laird to Colonel Mannering, was a most respectable man in the service of

the proprietors of the *Kelso Mail* newspaper, who went round the district once a quarter to collect the accounts for advertising. He was passionately fond of angling. He died about sixty years ago. Hempseed Ford is in the Tweed immediately below Kelso, in what is known as the Hendersyde Park Water.

"Burning the water," a favourite mode of fishing once in the Border rivers, is now, we believe, prohibited by law. Those who engaged in it employed a curious sort of double boat, called trows—Anglicised, troughs—formed of two extremely light flat-bottomed boats united at the stem, and diverging by an angular curve towards their sterns, which were connected at the top by a piece of flat board. There was usually two men in each—one to guide the trows by means of a long pole, called a kent or bang, and the other armed with a leister, or three-pronged fish-spear, to spear the fish. He who guided the boat was stationed towards the stern, while he who had the leister stood with one leg in each trow looking down into the water between them to see if there were any salmon. A dry splinter or branch of fir, wrapped in rags, steeped in tar, supplied a light, to which the salmon were attracted and thereupon speared.

Hazlewood House, the residence of the proud Nova Scotia baronet, Sir Robert Hazlewood, is understood to be represented by Lincluden House. It stands on the banks of the river Cluden, at a short distance from Dumfries, in the parish of Terregles, in Kirkcudbright shire, close to the beautiful ruins of Lincluden Abbey, which was founded in the time of Malcolm IV., King of Scots, and has had its praises sung by Burns.

Portanferry, where some of the most exciting of the scenes in the novel are laid, is probably the small harbour of Kelton, between three and four miles below Dumfries. The county gaol at the latter town, where Glossin and Hatteraick came to such a dismal end, was, till a comparatively recent date, one of those filthy unventilated, old-fashioned dungeons, that were a disgrace to civilization.

To Gilbert Glossin we are first introduced as the Laird of Ellangowan's agent, manufacturing votes upon his needy patron's estate. Glossin afterwards manages to acquire the estate for himself, with what result every one knows. His prototype has been set down to be a certain "writer" or attorney in Jedburgh, long since deceased, who was noted for his perfect acquaintance with all the quirks of the law.

Macmorlan, the sheriff-substitute, who is represented to have been "a man o' character, and weel spoken o'," was doubtless Sir Walter's travelling companion on his early visits to Liddesdale—honest Robbie Shortreed.

The character of Mr. Paulus Pleydell, advocate, is understood to have been drawn, with some little exaggeration, after an eminent Scottish barrister, named Andrew Crosbie, a native of Dumfries, and a man of mark in his profession, who flourished in the latter

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 125.

part of last century, and was well known to be a *bon vivant* of the purest water, after the fashion of the day, as well as a trusty councillor and eloquent and successful pleader. His presence on the Saturday evenings at Clerihugh's Tavern, in Writers' Court, to indulge in innocent non-professional relaxation, with a select knot of his friends, was quite an understood thing; while his clerk as regularly betook himself to Lucky Wood's in the Cowgate, to have a game at high-jinks, in less formal and expensive fashion, with his brother quill-drivers.

The group of Edinburgh celebrities to whom Pleydell introduced Mannering in Clerihugh's tavern comprised a select knot of the most remarkable men that ever graced the Modern Athens. It consisted of seven individuals, every one of whom may be said to have justly earned immortal fame. These were Adam Smith, the father of economical philosophy; David Hume, the metaphysician, politico-economist, and historian, who gave the first impulse to the Scottish and German philosophers that have revolutionised mental science; John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas," by the publication of which he gave mortal offence to the "unco-guid" portion of his countrymen, who were horrified to think that a beneficed clergyman should not only frequent theatres, but write stage-plays; Henry Home, Lord Kames, author of the famous "Essay on Criticism," wherein he gave philosophical criticism the form of a science, by reducing it to general principles, methodising its doctrines, and supporting them everywhere by the most copious and beautiful illustrations; Dr. Hutton, the geologist, who wrote "The Plutonic Theory of the Earth," to demonstrate the influence of the fire within, in opposition to Werner, who held that the greater part of the phenomena observable on the earth's surface was due to the agency of water; Dr. Adam Ferguson, who wrote a history, long standard, of the "Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic," as well as a valuable text book on the "Principles of Moral and Political Science"; and last, but not least, Dr. Joseph Black, who first established the doctrine of latent heat.

Among the notes of introduction which Pleydell is represented as thrusting into Colonel Mannering's hand, were two addressed to John Clerk, Esq., of Eldin, and Dr. Robertson, both men of mark in their several spheres. Johnnie Clerk, as he was commonly called, was best known to the outside public as a broad humourist. Innumerable were the queer stories circulated about him in the purlieus of the Parliament House. He was the son and namesake of the author of a famous essay "On Naval Tactics, Systematical and Historical, with Explanatory Plates," in which is embodied and explained the celebrated manœuvre technically called "breaking the line," which was employed for the first time by Lord Rodney, in 1782, and led to his decisive victory over the French,

under De Grasse, in the West Indies, and was adopted with invariable success by Lord Howe, Nelson, and others, during the war with France. Johnnie Clerk was not only a wit, as has been said, but a distinguished lawyer. He was for many years undisputed leader of the Scottish bar, and his fame extended far beyond the courts of law. Bold, able, and outspoken, he was known as the man who, after Henry Erskine, was the most earnest and energetic in the popular cause. When he spoke in public, crowds gathered to hear him, and it was rare that some piece of brilliant sarcasm or strong humour did not reward them; nor did his hearers relish it the less that it was delivered in his native broad Scotch, which he pronounced with the perfect purity of a courtier of the days of Queen Mary or the Jameses. In times when everyone was sociable in Edinburgh, he was a favourite with the best society, shining with never-failing humour and endless store of anecdote.

Dr. Robertson, whom Colonel Mannering was taken to hear preach, was the celebrated historiographer. As one of the ministers of Old Greyfriars' Church, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and leader of the so-called Moderate party in the Church of Scotland, he was for many years the possessor of something like supreme power in ecclesiastical matters in Scotland. In politics, he was a Whig of the Revolution, and had a great admiration of General Washington, the American patriot. On the first outbreak of the French Revolution, he publicly exulted in the near prospect of seeing so many millions in France freed from the fetters of arbitrary government; but his policy as a churchman led to the origination of three seceding communities, and at length left the Established Church of Scotland with a mere minority of the population within her pale.

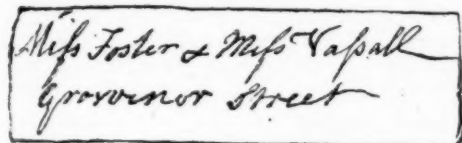
Pleydell's old friend, James Burnett, Lord Monboddo, who was such an ardent admirer of Greek and Roman manners and customs, and whose entertainments, always given in the evening, in imitation of the suppers of the ancients, "when there was a circulation of excellent Bourdeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table after the manner of Horace," were frequented by the best society in Edinburgh whether in respect of rank or literary distinction, was a notable person in every way. Monboddo, besides being an able lawyer and an eminent judge, an excellent classical scholar, and a voluminous author, was noted for the numberless paradoxes which he stoutly maintained in his philological, ethnological, and metaphysical writings. A Darwinian before Darwin, he asserted that man at first walked on all fours—that he then learned to walk upright, at first with the aid of a stick, as might be seen in the *ourang-outang*, which he declared to be closely allied to the human race—that in due time he made use of his hands, and acquired the art of swimming—and that his having no tail now was due to its having

been nipped off immediately after his birth by the midwife herself. Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson," gives a graphic account of his lordship's reception of the great lexicographer at his family seat in Kincardineshire.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Miss or Mistress.

AMONG the Delaval papers discovered by Mr. John Robinson at Seaton Sluice was a card, of which we give an engraving, and which has been called Dorothy Foster's visiting card. It was found amongst a bundle of letters relating to the period from 1715 to 1725. The editor of *Notes and Queries*, referring to Mr. Robinson's find, wrote:—"This can scarcely



have been the visiting card of Dorothy Foster, as before the days of George the Third, and for some time during his reign, the term Mistress is always applied to unmarried women, and not Miss, as on this card. The term Miss came into fashion in George the Third's time." Mr. Robinson, however, has thrown further light on the subject, in a paper read before the Newcastle Literary Club. The following is an extract from Mr. Robinson's paper:—"George the Third came to the throne in 1760. They could, therefore, have no dispute as to the date fixed by *Notes and Queries*. This small piece of card was not the only one on which the title of Miss was applied in the Delaval papers. The question was one which could, therefore, be easily decided by numerous letters. From 1740 to 1750, the term Miss was regularly used. Visiting cards were at that period playing cards, and on the back of Dorothy Foster's was part of the diamond. There was another visiting card; it had been a playing card, but the picture had been defaced. It was inscribed: 'Miss Dalton's compliments to Mrs. Potter, and shall be glad of her company to drink tea with them this afternoon, Tuesday, 12 o'clock.' Mrs. Potter was married to Sir George Hussey Delaval ten years or more before the reign of George the Third; the card must, therefore, have been written before Mrs. Potter's second

marriage." It would seem, then, that the testimony of the Delaval documents goes to show the use of the term Miss for unmarried ladies at a much earlier period than is generally supposed.

Sir Bevis Bulmer, Knight of the Golden Mine.

THOMAS FOULIS, an Edinburgh goldsmith, working the lead mines in Lanarkshire about 1576, engaged one Bevis Bulmer to help him in his operations. Bulmer, a man of marvellous ingenuity and versatile gifts, was a native of Yorkshire, it may be of Bulmer in that county, and had previously been employed in mining in the North of England. His mind was crowded with ingenious projects, while his restless disposition led him hither and thither in pursuit of things new and strange. Ceasing to interest himself in the lead mines, he received a commission from Queen Elizabeth, and permission from King James, to search for gold and silver in the Royal Mines.

A number of references in the State Papers of Queen Elizabeth show us the reason why the English were interested in gold mining at this period. Towards the end of 1577, Captain Frobisher's ships arrived at Bristol with a cargo of gold ore. This was melted down by Jonas Schutz, and a report was prepared concerning the amount of gold contained in the ton of ore. Another refiner, Dr. Burchard, gave different results, said Jonas was incompetent, and indignantly demanded "two cwt. more of the ore, and that two honest men should be appointed to see that it was roasted fairly," while Jonas accused the doctor of "evil manners and ignorance, and would have no dealings with him." In 1579, Martin Frobisher set out to the North-West for 2,000 tons of gold ore, and then we read of the ill-success of that voyage through his mismanagement of the assaying of the ore brought home, of the "ill-usage of Mr. Lok and others," and of charges against the gallant captain "of arrogance, obstinacy in his government at sea, and unbearable insolence in all his doings."

We find an adequate explanation of Bulmer's commission in the voyages of Master Martin Frobisher. The disputes of the jealous refiners were settled by a reference to the Royal Mines in Crawford Moor. Queen Elizabeth determined to weigh the value of her newly-found possessions by a careful inquiry into the resources of the "Treasure House." Bulmer was not slow in offering his services to settle her Majesty's difficulties. Being a born speculator, he seized his opportunity, and formed a joint stock company. He got twenty-four gentlemen as shareholders, who had each to be called a Knight of the Golden Mine, or a Golden Knight. Only one knight, however, was

made, and, strange to say, it was the originator of the company himself to whom that honour fell.

Sir Bevis was not so successful in finding gold as he was in floating his company. He was assiduous in his search for the rustless metal. He got miners to work in Wanlockhead, Leadhills, and in the district nearer Crawford. The gold he obtained cost more than its weight in gold; and as he was obliged to keep up an expensive establishment, probably to preserve the dignity of the company, he built himself a large house in the village of Leadhills, close to a hill still called by his name. There he lived as a Golden Knight, "feasting all sorts of people that thither came, wasting much himself and giving liberally to many, for to be honoured, praised, and magnified."

"Bulmer hoped," says R. W. Cochrane-Patrick, "to find the quartz veins with the gold *in situ*," but was not successful. He got two large nuggets of gold, one weighing six ounces and the other more than five. At Long Cleugh Head he got a piece of "sapper stone" (probably quartz), from which an ounce of pure gold was obtained. At this place he erected a stamping-mill and got much "small mealy gold." His greatest success, however, was in Henderland Moor, in Ettrick Forest, where, it is related, he got much gold, "the like to it in no other place before of Scotland."

Bulmer was not long in returning to England, telling the Queen the result of his researches, and bringing a splendid golden porringer, made from Scottish ore, which he gallantly presented to the Maiden Queen. He put a poetical inscription, written by himself, on the Royal porringer:—

I dare not give, nor yet present,
But render part of that's thy own;
My mind and heart shall still invent
To seek out treasure yet unknown.

The Queen was charmed by this attention of her Golden Knight, and gave him the privilege of farming the duty on seaborne coals. This brought him to the valley of the Tyne. He did not long stay in Newcastle, however. The Tyne shippers and he soon quarrelled, and he threw up or was deprived of his post. He then took to lead-mining in Somersetshire, and silver-mining in Devonshire. He presented a large standing cup of this silver to the Lord Mayor of London. A verse of his own poetry inscribed on the cup doubtless enhanced the value of the gift.

Sir Bevis next interested himself in Irish mining operations. In 1592 he organized a company to seek for calamite stone. In 1594 he was interested in supplying water to London "by one small pipe or string," from his newly-erected engine or waterworks. In 1599 we find him writing to the Queen concerning the clear profit she could make out of the imposts on French and Rhenish wines, and a month or two later he makes an offer for the farming of tin.

In 1603, he received £200 from the English Exchequer

to help him in the search for gold in Scotland. In 1604, the Scottish Privy Council issued a proclamation to prevent people molesting him in his search for minerals. After that, King James sent him to look after his silver mines in Linlithgowshire.

The strange course of this spirited speculator came to an end at Alston Moor, in Cumberland, where he died in 1613, poor and neglected, because, with all his cleverness, he lacked stability of character. And so he went down, "aye downe; and at last," says Atkinson, his biographer, "he died in my debt £340 sterling, to my great hindrance. God forgive us all our sinnes."

WILLIAM FRASER.

John Bright's Connection with the North.



JOHN BRIGHT, the great orator and statesman, who departed this life on March 27th, 1889, was connected with the North of England by family ties and political events.

It was here that he got his first wife; it was here that he was threatened with personal violence; and it was here that he won his first seat in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bright's first wife was a daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The marriage took place in the Friends' Meeting House, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, on the 27th of November, 1839. It was thus announced the week after in the *Newcastle Chronicle*:—"At the Friends' Meeting House, on the 27th ult., John Bright, Esq., of Rochdale, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of this city." A short paragraph in the same paper recorded the fact that on the evening of the wedding "the workmen in the employment of Mr. Priestman, tanner, &c., were sumptuously regaled at the house of Mr. Thomas Wilcke, Temperance Hotel, Bigg Market." On the evening prior to the marriage a deputation of workmen presented a silver cream jug to "Elizabeth Priestman, as a token of respect on her marriage."

A few years later, subsequent to the death of Mrs. Bright, and when he had entered into the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Bright paid several public visits to the North. The first of these visits appears to have taken place on the 1st of December, 1842. Mr. Bright was accompanied on the occasion by Mr. Richard Raymond Richmond Moore, then a leading light of the Anti-Corn Law League. The meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Nelson Street, which was crowded to the doors. Sir John Fife presided, although there was at first some opposition to his taking the chair. Both Mr. Bright and Mr. Moore addressed the meeting at great length, their speeches being warmly applauded. Mr. Bright was back in Newcastle in the

following month, this time accompanied by Mr. Cobden and Colonel Thompson, when a great meeting was held in the Music Hall, and when the following, among other gentlemen of prominence, interested themselves in the movement:—Christian Allhusen, W. H. Brockett, Joseph Watson, W. Lockey Harle, and Captain Weatherley. The Lecture Room was the scene of the next meeting Mr. Bright addressed in Newcastle—held on July 10, 1843, Dr. T. M. Greenhow in the chair. A fortnight later Mr. Bright was elected for Durham, of which more presently. Cobden and Bright, both members of Parliament by this time, were once more in the Northern Counties in the autumn of the same year, addressing meetings and being entertained at public dinners at Alnwick and Durham.

An illustration of the rancorous spirit of the time was afforded during Mr. Bright's tour in July, 1843. Mr. Archibald Prentice records in his "History of the League" that he and Mr. Bright crossed the Border country from Kelso to Alnwick, where they found "a great audience, consisting principally of agriculturists, many of them landowners and extensive farmers." Anticipating the visit to Alnwick, the *Newcastle Journal*, then a fiery organ of the Tory party, printed the following paragraph:—

It is stated that Bright, the Anti-Corn Law agitator, is expected to visit the wool fair which will be held in Alnwick shortly, in order to scatter the seeds of disaffection in that quarter. Should he make his appearance, which is not improbable (for the person has impudence for anything of this sort), it is to be hoped there may be found some stalwart yeoman ready to treat the disaffected vagabond as he deserves.

But the *Newcastle Journal* was by no means alone at that period in entertaining strong prejudices against the "disaffected vagabond." Soon after Mr. Bright was elected member for Durham, the poet Wordsworth, paying a visit to the Cathedral City, was in the Dean and Chapter Library with its distinguished librarian, Mr. Raine, when a verger handed a note to Wordsworth from Dr. Waddington, the Dean of Durham, inviting him to dinner. Wordsworth hastily penned a refusal, remarking to Mr. Raine, "As if I would dine with a man that voted for John Bright!" Another story illustrating the same prejudice was lately told in the *Athenæum*:—

Some years after Mr. Bright had ceased his Parliamentary connection with Durham, he announced a visit to the Liberal member for the city, who, having some engagement which made him unable to be at home in the daytime, went to the cathedral to secure the services of the best-informed verger. "A friend of mine is coming to-morrow to see the cathedral," said he; "I want you to show him round yourself, and pay him special attention." "I'm very glad, I'm sure, sir, to show any attention to any friend of yours." "You will be sure he sees everything of interest." "He shall see everything, sir, everything." Finding the verger so well disposed, the M.P. tried to make him better disposed still, and said: "He is a very important man, very; you really must show him attention—in fact, it is Mr. John Bright." "Oh," said the verger, who was of Wordsworth's way of thinking, "I'll take good care that he doesn't steal anything away from the church!"

The event of most prominence in Mr. Bright's connec-

tion with the North was of course his election for Durham in 1843. Twelve years before this the Cathedral City had earned some honour and notoriety by sending to St. Stephen's, in the room of Sir Roger Gresley, Mr. William R. C. Chaytor, who drove post-haste to London, and just reached the House of Commons in time to record his vote in favour of Earl Grey's Reform Bill. On the 26th of March, 1843, it was announced that Captain Fitzroy, one of the members for Durham, had accepted a Government appointment, and that a vacancy would be created in consequence. Lord Dungannon, who had contested the seat previously, at once came forward in the Conservative interest. The Liberals determined to do their utmost to bring forward a candidate, though they had very slender chances of being able to return him. They put out a placard on Tuesday, March 28th, asking the electors to reserve their votes, as they had hopes of being able to place at their command a candidate of undoubted Liberal principles. The weekly papers on the Friday following, however, broadly hinted that no Liberal candidate would appear in the field, and that Lord Dungannon would score a walk over. The noble lord pushed forward a personal canvass of the electors; red ribbons were distributed profusely, red flags were displayed all over the city, and bands of music, preceded by red flags, perambulated the streets in the evening of each day. It is now known that one of the last persons to whom the Liberals appealed—all previous efforts having failed to produce a candidate—was John Bright. The nomination of candidates was fixed for Monday, April 4th, on which day the Spring Assize was fixed to be held.

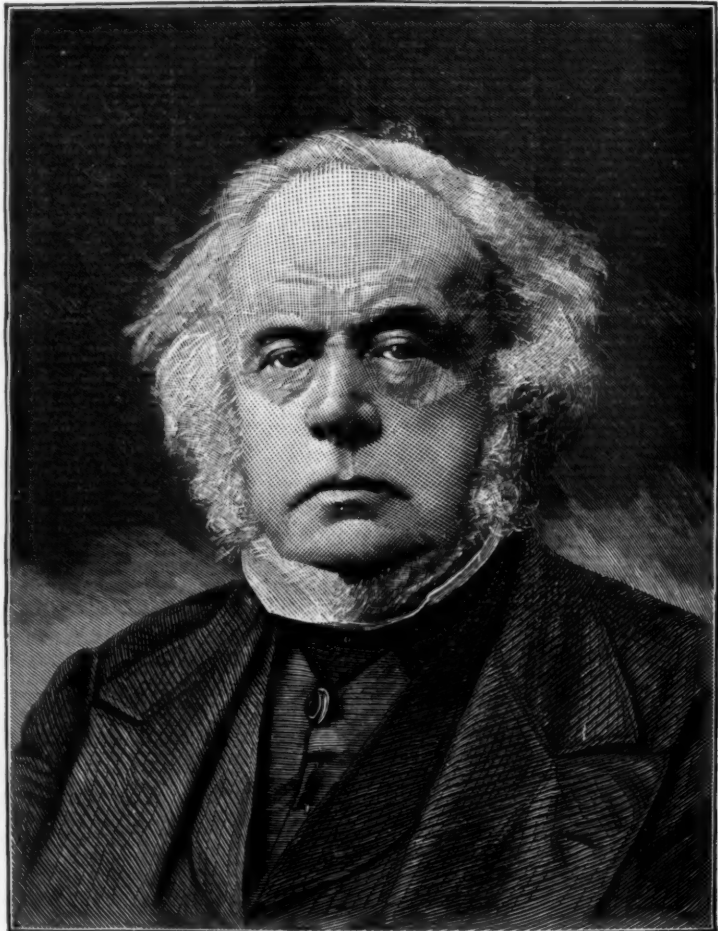
Mr. Bright reached Durham at an early hour on the morning of the nomination day. Long before the time appointed for the proceedings to commence (mid-day) a large crowd had assembled in front of the Town Hall. Fronting that building a wooden erection had been run up as the hustings, but it was miserably small, and totally unequal to accommodate more than a fraction of those accompanying the candidates. Prominent in the crowd, and plentifully bedizened with red ribbons, was a group of some twenty or thirty miners, freemen of the borough, who were employed at the Marquis of Londonderry's Rainton collieries. A few minutes before eleven o'clock the sounds of music from the direction of Saddler Street announced the arrival of Lord Dungannon, and immediately afterwards Mr. Bright and his friends arrived. The Rev. George Townsend nominated Lord Dungannon, and Mr. William Lloyd Wharton seconded the nomination. Mr. John Bramwell, amid continued uproar, proposed Mr. Bright, and Mr. John Hardinge Veitch seconded. Lord Dungannon having addressed the crowd, Mr. Bright stood forward and was received with a strong demonstration and counter-demonstration, the latter being noisy enough to prevent his remarks being heard until Lord Dungannon and those immediately around him appealed

for a hearing for the "stranger within their gates." The Mayor in due course took a show of hands, and declared the choice of the electors to be in favour of Mr. Bright. Thereupon Mr. William Lloyd Wharton demanded a poll in behalf of Lord Dungannon. The polling took place on Tuesday, the 4th of April, the result being:—Dungannon, 507; Bright, 405; majority for Dungannon, 102.

The Liberal agents discovered that, after the declaration of the poll, the voters for Lord Dungannon had been invited to present themselves at the Wheat Sheaf Inn, Claypath. There they had placed themselves, by instruction, at a certain window, situated in a dark corner, and through this window each had received a copy of the poll book and also a sovereign. Mr. Coppock, a famous election agent on the Liberal side, was despatched from London to inquire into the matter. Messrs. Marshall soon placed before that gentleman a number of witnesses, who deposed to bribery having been repeatedly committed. A petition was therefore presented against the return of Lord Dungannon. Mr. John Edwin Marshall took charge of the petition in London, whilst Mr. H. J. Marshall and Mr. William Marshall conducted affairs in Durham. A shoal of witnesses attended before the Parliamentary Committee, which eventually declared the election void on the ground of bribery by Lord Dungannon's agents.

Mr. Bright again became a candidate. Assisted by two members of the League, Mr. Archibald Prentice and Mr. R. R. R. Moore, he made wonderful progress with his canvass, all the more so because a division had broken out in the opposite ranks. However, Mr. Thomas Purvis, a Chancery barrister in large practice, and a member of a family that had resided for some time in the district, was selected as the Conservative candidate. The nomination took place on Monday, July 24th, and the show of hands was declared to be largely in favour of Mr. Bright, but

a poll was demanded for Mr. Purvis. The enthusiasm and partizanship were intense from the first opening of the poll at eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 25th of July. Dean Waddington and Dr. Ogle walked from the College, arm in arm, and polled together. As they passed down S addler Street, the cry, "You vote for a Quaker!" was directed to Dr. Waddington, who retorted, "I vote for a Free-Trader," and Dr. Ogle, wheeling round to a group of citizens who were witnesses of the scene, exclaimed, "What do you think of that, lads? Do you call that nowt?" The recapitulation of the scenes which were enacted during the day would fill a book, but we will only give one of them. Mr. Bright had been at the head of the poll throughout. Between three and four o'clock a group of ten freemen, whose begrimed faces appeared to indicate that they had recently been drawn out of some neighbouring colliery, were seen passing down Gilesgate, and the word was



JOHN BRIGHT.

quickly passed, "Here's some of the marquis's men at last." Some doubt was entertained with reference to the course the Marquis of Londonderry would take, and the action of this group of men was eagerly watched. They wore no colour or badge. At length they reached the polling place, and the first man stepped up to vote. "For whom do you vote?" asked the presiding officer. "For John Bright," replied the man. And then the Liberal partizans set up a tremendous shout, and counted victory as beyond a doubt. And it was. The final declaration of the poll gave the numbers as follows:—Bright, 488; Purvis, 410; majority for Bright, 78.

Thus ended the great election of 1843—the election which first made John Bright a member of the British Parliament. Mr. Bright declined to be "chained," and was the first man to break through the old custom. Mr Purvis darkly hinted at the action of some member of his party, presumed to be the Marquis of Londonderry, whose conduct had contributed to his defeat. John Bright represented the City of Durham for four years, when he accepted the invitation of the Manchester Liberals to become one of their candidates.

Kirkstall Abbey.



URROUNDED though they are by tall chimneys and smoking factories, the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, are still a picturesque remnant of monastic times.

The ruins were lately offered for sale, and there was some fear that they might disappear altogether. Fortunately, however, Colonel North, a native of Leeds who has made a great fortune from the discovery and manufacture of nitrate, purchased the property for £10,000, and handed it over to the Corporation of Leeds, who will no doubt take all proper means to preserve what remains.

Kirkstall Abbey was an offshoot from the Abbey of Fountains, the remains of which form one of the attractions of the neighbourhood of Ripon. The foundation of Kirkstall was indirectly due to a vow of Henry de Lacy, Lord of Pontefract, who, whilst suffering from sickness, determined to endow a monastery if he were restored to health. On his recovery, he handed over the district of Barnoldswick-in-Craven to the Church for the support of a monastery of the Cistercian Order. This order of



KIRKSTALL ABBEY, NEAR LEEDS.

monks derived its name from Cisteaux, or Cistercium, in Burgundy, France, and had been raised to great celebrity through the talents, learning, and sanctity of Saint Bernard, abbot of Claravallis, or Clarveaux, for which reason it was also called the Bernardine Order.

Alexander, prior of Fountains, was in 1147 appointed abbot of the new foundation, with an establishment of twelve monks and ten lay brethren. Matters did not prosper with this little band. Their crops at Barnoldswick proved a failure; their buildings were destroyed by fire; and the Scots bore off their cattle and flocks. The abbot, therefore, journeyed in search of a new settlement. The valley of the Aire seemed to offer all the requisites for a suitable home. The aid of Henry de Lacy was again invoked, and a site at Kirkstall was obtained. On the 19th May, 1152, the dejected company of monks removed from Barnoldswick to Kirkstall. In the short space of thirty years they erected the abbey church and monastic buildings, a fair idea of which may be obtained from the drawing of the ruins which accompanies this article. The Cistercians were a strict body: hence the general severity of the architectural design. Although many additions and alterations were subsequently made, Kirkstall has suffered fewer modifications of the original plan than many other abbeys.

Men of Mark 'Twist Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Thomas Burdon,

ALDERMAN, SOLDIER, AND KNIGHT.



At a time when threats of invasion created universal alarm, and the young men of Northumberland and Durham took to the study of arms, there was no more enthusiastic volunteer officer in Newcastle than Thomas Burdon. Local biographers write scantily of this gallant son of Mars, but generous assistance from the copious resources of Mr. William Adamson, of Cullercoats, makes it possible to present him "in his habit as he lived," with some approach to coherent narrative and chronological accuracy.

Thomas Burdon was a son of Richard Burdon, who, in the middle of last century, owned some landed property at Brunton, in the parish of Gosforth, and resided in the house which, with its spacious garden, formed the western end of the north side of Shieldfield Green, Newcastle. The poll-book of Northumberland election, October, 1774, enters him as "Richard Burdon, Shieldfield," and shows him voting, by right of his freehold at East Brunton, for Sir William Middleton and Sir John

Hussey Delaval; Whitehead's Directory of Newcastle for 1787 assigns to him the post of senior coroner of the borough, and that of leading partner in Burdon's Brewery, Quayside. Hale and hearty, he lived till he approached the age of ninety—riding across country, to the last year or two of his life, with the fearlessness of youth and much of its freshness and vigour.

At the house in the Shieldfield it is probable that, about the year 1758, Thomas Burdon was born. Like so many other Newcastle boys, he received his education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the Rev. Hugh Moises; after it was completed, he appears to have remained in the town with his father, without attempting, as so many other Grammar School boys had done, to seek fortune elsewhere. In his twenty-ninth year (Sept. 11th, 1786) he married Jane, the thirteenth child of William Scott, hostman, and sister of William and John Scott, who afterwards became respectively Lord Stowell and the Earl of Eldon. The family connection established by this marriage gradually drew him into the public life of the town, and on Tuesday, October 4, 1796, he was elected a member of the Common Council.

Municipal electors in those days were partial to young men of good position, and when they obtained one, it was usual to put him into office with all convenient speed, in order that he might have an early opportunity of exercising the virtue of hospitality. The year after Mr. Burdon was made a councillor he was elected Sheriff. But this was an honour for which he had not been prepared, and he refused to accept it. Persisting in his refusal, the offended Council fined him a hundred marks, and still his objections were not overcome. It was not until 1807 that he could be prevailed upon to serve, and then he served longer than had been anticipated, for when his term of office expired nobody willing to relieve him could be found. There was a suitable person—George Shadforth—in reserve, but he was a few months short of his majority. It was, therefore, arranged that Mr. Burdon should continue in office, and he discharged the duties till Christmas. He was relieved at that date by Benjamin Sorsbie, who filled up the gap to the end of February, when George Shadforth came of age.

Upon his retirement from the shrievalty, Mr. Burdon was invested with an alderman's gown. The higher honour followed; he was elected Mayor at Michaelmas, 1810. His year of office promised to be a quiet one; a great dispute between the magistrates and the burgesses had been healed; everybody seemed pleased with the unanimity and good understanding that prevailed. The truce was broken by Major Anderson, who, as already described, at a Guild meeting, over which Mr. Burdon presided, pulled the Town Clerk's nose. With this exception the year was uneventful. When the Mayor went out of office, the *Newcastle Chronicle* reminded its readers that they had seen in their chief magistrate "every accomplishment which can adorn a public

character," among which were "universality of talent in promoting every measure which could lead to the public good," and "that condescension and affability which never fail to endear persons in the highest situations to those below them, and to draw forth from the public in general the most cheering and reiterated plaudits."

About the time that he entered the Common Council of Newcastle Mr. Burdon was distinguishing himself by activity in volunteering. His name occurs as that of captain of a troop of horse attached to the Newcastle Armed Association in 1799, under the command of Sir Matthew White Ridley. He also raised the South Tyne Volunteer Legion of Cavalry and Infantry, and was for some years their principal officer, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. From them he received in the Jubilee year of George III. (1809) a silver cup, valued at £120, which (with a sword of honour presented to him by the Tyne Hussars) is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. Richard Burdon Sanderson. No one seems to have held so many appointments in these volunteer corps as he, or to have exerted himself more earnestly to make them popular and effective.

The defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, the sudden reduction of the navy which followed, and the arrival of the local fleet of Greenland whalers in the autumn of 1815, to lie up for the winter, threw out of employment large numbers of seamen. In order to provide themselves with the means of living, the men insisted that every vessel should carry five men and a boy for every hundred tons register; and this outrageous demand being resisted, they forcibly prevented the sailing of all ships from Blyth, Shields, and Sunderland. So determined and so successful were they that strong measures had to be taken against them. Seven men-of-war were sent to Shields, and numbers of troops, both infantry and cavalry, followed. On the 21st of October, the magistrates of Newcastle and adjoining places went down to the harbour, with the local volunteers, to assist the naval and military forces in suppressing the riotous sailors, and liberating the detained ships. Without loss of life or serious injury they succeeded, and within a week a hundred and fifty sail, many of which had been nine weeks in port, proceeded to sea. For the services which he rendered on this occasion, and for the zeal which he had shown for so many years in volunteer movements, Mr. Burdon was knighted. The honour was conferred upon him by the Prince Regent on the 14th May, 1816, a few days after the wedding of the Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold.

Upon Tyneside the knighthood was well received, for Sir Thomas, being a Freemason, an Oddfellow, a leader among the local Orangemen, and a jovial, generous, hospitable man, was popular with all classes of his fellow-townsmen. One of his first acts upon his return from Court was to give a grand dinner in honour of the King's birthday. There is a note of it in the *Chronicle*

for the 8th June, which, as illustrating the manner in which the press of that day reported private festivities, must be reprinted:—

The seventy-eighth anniversary of our Gracious Sovereign's birthday was celebrated with great éclat on Tuesday last, at the Queen's Head Inn, Newcastle. We were not present ourselves, but we have been favoured by a friend with the following account of what passed, which we insert under the idea that it may prove interesting to our readers:—At half-past five o'clock about fifty gentlemen sat down to a most elegant dinner, Colonel Sir Thomas Burdon in the chair. . . . In reply to the toast of "The Chairman, and may he long live to enjoy his new honours" (drunk with three times three and great enthusiasm) the worthy knight offered his warmest acknowledgments for the very kind and flattering mark of approbation conferred upon him by such a numerous body of his friends. In what led him to the proud notice of his Prince he should never forget how much he was indebted for that honour to the able and unwearied exertions of the body of military he commanded, both to the officers and the men, and as several of the officers were then present, he thought it but partial to state so much. It is unnecessary to add that in his exertions to contribute to the hilarity of the afternoon the chairman was indefatigable, hence the late hour at which the party broke up, highly delighted with the treat they had enjoyed.

At Michaelmas that year, the Council appointed him for the second time Mayor, and again he had a very quiet term. When his period of office was drawing to a close,



Sir Thomas Burdon.

the brewers and maltsters entertained him at dinner, and presented him with a valuable gold snuff-box, in recognition of the manner in which he had undertaken a mission to the Treasury on the subject of drawback of malt duty, and other services extending over twenty years. His own banquet to the Corporation was a very jovial affair. The reporter of the *Chronicle* (Oct. 4, 1817), with a concluding apology for writing about a dinner which he was not asked to attend, tells us that:—

At six o'clock the party, amounting to near 100, sat down to an elegant dinner, at which the worthy knight

presided with his wonted hospitality and polite attention to his guests. . . . The pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by many excellent songs and glees from some of the company. It was late ere the party broke up, when they separated highly delighted with the sumptuousness of their entertainment, and the hospitality and conviviality of their host. It would, perhaps, be improper to notice more particularly what passed on this festive occasion; but we hope that in stating thus much we shall not be considered as o'erstepping the bounds of decorum.

Only twelve months after this festive scene Sir Thomas threw off his gown and left the Council. Local annals give no clue to the reason for this decisive step; but a MS. volume of Thomas Bell's supplies it:—"There was some dispute about precedence, he claiming, from his knighthood, precedence over the other aldermen, which, not being allowed him, after considerable dispute and no little irritation, he resigned." John Bell's "Common Place Book" confirms this version. Sir Thomas "conceived himself entitled to walk at the head of all processions of the civic body to church and elsewhere—and when told that he only stood in rotation with others—according to the date of his election as an alderman, in high dudgeon he resigned his gown."

At the great election of 1826, Sir Thomas worked hard for the candidate of his choice—the Hon. H. T. Liddell. The heat of the conflict and the heat of the weather proved fatal to him. When the poll opened, on Tuesday, the 20th June, he recorded his vote, and that was his last public act. He returned to his home at West Jesmond unwell, died there on the sixth day of the poll (June 26), and was buried in Gosforth churchyard.

By his marriage with the sister of Lord Eldon, Sir Thomas Burdon had three sons—William, Thomas, and Richard. The two former died without issue, and the bulk of the property descended to the survivor, who upon his marriage (Feb. 7, 1815) with the only daughter and heir of Sir James Sanderson, Bart., had assumed the name of Richard Burdon Sanderson. He was a Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford, and having studied architecture, and finding the old house of his father at West Jesmond dilapidated and insecure, he designed and erected, about the year 1830, the handsome residence out of which Mr. Charles Mitchell has created the magnificent abode of Jesmond Towers.

William Burdon,

THE HARTFORD HOUSE PHILOSOPHER.

About the time when Thomas Slack was arranging to publish the first issue of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, George Burdon, a country gentleman in Yorkshire, married a lady named Wharton, who, besides being related to various members of the peerage, and claiming descent from the ducal house of Wharton, owned, or was heiress expectant to, considerable landed estate in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. Coming frequently to Newcastle after his marriage, the Yorkshire squire, with his wife's fortune at his back, entered into commercial

pursuits. He acquired an interest in the great mining industry of the district, joined the famous coal ring known as the Grand Allies, and eventually took up his permanent residence in the locality as a landlord and coalowner. While living in Newcastle, on the 11th September, 1764, a son was born to him—a son who received the name which stands at the head of this sketch, and lived to be one of the not too numerous Northumbrians who have secured a permanent place in English literature.

William Burdon received his elementary education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the direction of the Rev. Hugh Moises. From thence he passed in 1781 to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His course there was brilliant, and realised to the full, if it did not exceed, Mr. Moises' expectations. In 1786 he took up his bachelor's degree, and two years later was unanimously elected to a fellowship. The chief ambition of his parents was to see him in holy orders. They had carefully reared him in High Church and Tory principles, and they waited for the fruition of their labours—waited in vain, it appears, for the young man imbibed liberal principles, struck out an independent course of his own, and would not be turned aside by threats of displeasure, nor cajoled by promises of preferment. Refusing to become the promulgator of opinions which he did not share, he resigned his fellowship.

Mr. Burdon returned to the North in 1798 or 1799, married, and fixed his home at Morpeth. In the six years of comparative seclusion which he spent upon the banks of the Wansbeck, his prolific brain and active pen were busily employed. He had published, while at Cambridge, a couple of pamphlets—one in 1795, containing "Three Letters addressed to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff," and the other in 1797, entitled, "A Few Words of Plain Truth on the Subject of the Present Negotiation for Peace." From Morpeth he issued—

- 1799. A Vindication of Pope and Grattan from the Attack of an Anonymous Defamer.
- 1799. An Examination of the Merits and Tendency of the Pursuits of Literature. Part 1. [Part 2 was issued in 1800.]
- 1800. Various Thoughts on Politics, Morality, and Literature.
- 1803. Materials for Thinking. (Two vols.)
- 1803. Unanimity in the Present Contest Recommended.
- 1803. Advice to the Lower Ranks of Society.
- 1804. The Life and Character of Buonaparte, from His Birth to the 15th of August, 1804.
- 1805. Poetry for Children.

Losing his wife in 1806, he left Morpeth, and built upon one of his mother's estates, overlooking the Blyth, the handsome residence known as Hartford House. There, with winter sojournings in the warmer atmospheres of London and Brighton, he lived and wrote for the rest of his days. Among the publications which he put forth at Hartford House were:—

- 1809. Letters on the Affairs of Spain.
- 1810. An Introduction to the History of the Revolution in Spain, from the Spanish of Estrada.

1810. A Constitution for the Spanish Nation, from Estrada.
 1810. A Treatise on the Privileges of the House of Commons.
 1811. An Impartial Examination of the Dispute between Spain and her American Colonies, from Estrada.
 1811. Letters to the Editor of the *Tyne Mercury* on the Annual Subscription to the Sons of the Clergy.
 1813. Cobbett and the Reformers Impartially Examined.
 Besides the books and pamphlets enumerated above, Mr. Burdon contributed largely to the press on ancient architecture, and a variety of other topics, local and general. In the *Tyne Mercury* for August 9, 1812, there is, for example, a letter of his ridiculing the battlements that had been added to the keep of the old castle, and "the placing of cannon upon a building which was erected about 400 years before cannon were invented."

Two biographies of Mr. Burdon have been published—one by Eneas Mackenzie in his "History of Newcastle" (afterwards issued separately), the other by George Ensor, prefixed to the fifth edition of "Materials for Thinking." Mackenzie, who knew him well, tells us that he had "originally indulged in flattering notions of 'the unlimited improvement of our nature,' which he reluctantly renounced; but he never declined in charity to the poor, or generosity to men of talent in distress. In some instances he was peculiarly unfortunate in selecting the objects of his bounty. Conceiving a high opinion of the abilities and merits of a young man named Hewson Clarke, author of 'The Saunterer,' he befriended and assisted him at the university. But this youth disgusted by his vanity all to whom he was introduced, became prodigal, incurred considerable debts, sunk into the vilest debauchery, and frequently reviled his benefactor in *The Satirist*. Yet, after all, Mr. Burdon twice dragged him from a gaol, and tried in vain to reclaim him. Another failure of a similar kind is unique for romantic attachment on one side and hideous ingratitude on the other."

As a boy he had been delicately nurtured; but when he arrived at manhood he endeavoured to overcome the weakness of youth by exercise and exposure. Mackenzie had seen him mount his horse during a thunderstorm, return dripping with wet, and sit thus in his study for the rest of the evening. When suffering acutely from the disorder which ended his life, he persisted in preparing the fifth edition of "Materials for Thinking" for the press. It was the last thing he did. The disorder proved to be ossification of the thigh, amputation was necessary, was performed, and a few months afterwards, on the 30th May, 1818, he expired.

Mr. Burdon was twice married. By his first wife, a daughter of Lieut.-General Dickson, and grand-daughter of a Collingwood, he had a family of five; his second wife, to whom he was united in 1812, brought him two children. To all these youngsters he was an attentive parent; he took delight in their company, wrote books for their amusement, and personally superintended their

education. The eldest son, William Wharton Burdon, who died in Newcastle on the 24th of June, 1870, inherited his father's independence of character, and no small share of his intellectual power. Our grandfathers knew him as an active politician of the school of Lambton and Grey, and some time member of Parliament for the Borough of Weymouth. To the present generation he was better known as a coalowner and landed proprietor who rarely dabbled in politics, but upon local matters occasionally wrote with a trenchant pen in the columns of the Newcastle press.

George Carleton,

THE NORTHUMBRIAN BOY WHO BECAME A BISHOP.

One of the constables appointed by Queen Elizabeth to assist in keeping watch and ward over Norham Castle, was Guy, second son of Thomas Carleton, of Carleton Hall, Cumberland. Soon after his appointment, in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, a son was born to him, who received in baptism the name of George. The Carletons were related to another great Cumberland family—the Gilpins; and when the boy was old enough to be sent to school he was received into the foundation of Houghton-le-Spring, which his father's cousin, Bernard Gilpin, had established a few years earlier, and over which he was at the time presiding. "The Apostle of the North" took a



Bishop Carleton.

fatherly interest in his young relative, and when his school days were over sent him to St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where he was admitted in the beginning of the year 1576. In the latter end of 1579 he took a degree in arts, "and forthwith completed it by determination, his disputes being then noted to exceed any of his fellows that did their exercise in the same Lent." The following year he was elected a probationer fellow of Merton College.

Carleton obtained his first preferment at Mayfield, Sussex, of which place he was appointed vicar in 1589. Mr. Robert Gibbs, in "The Worthies of Bucks," shows that in 1605 he was presented by Sir Francis Goodwin to the rectory of the third portion of Waddesdon, in the church in which village is a tablet to the memory of Guy Carleton, his father, who died in 1608, aged 94. It is supposed that he remained at Waddesdon till King James I., who had made him one of his chaplains, raised him to the see of Llandaff in 1618. He held Llandaff little more than a year, for, being appointed one of the English divines who were sent to the Synod of Dordt, "he behaved himself so admirable well to the credit of our nation, that upon his return he was elected to the See of Chichester, confirmed by his Majesty, 20th September, 1619." The Dutch States not only paid the expenses of the English deputation, but presented each of its members with a gold medal, and sent a special letter to King James, in which they commended Carleton as the foremost man of the group, and a model of learning and piety.

Like many other clergymen of his time, Carleton wrote copiously on Church questions. Thirteen books and tractates, besides sermons, issued from his pen. Amongst them are, "Tithes examined and proved to be due to the Clergy by a Divine Right" (1606); "Jurisdiction Regal, Episcopal, Papal," an attack on the Papacy (1610); "Short Directions to Know the True Church" (1615); "Historical Collection of the Great and Merciful Deliverances of the Church and State of England from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth" (1624)—a book which ran into four editions; "Testimony concerning the Presbyterian Discipline in the Low Countries and Episcopal Government in England," several times printed; and "Astrologimania, or the Madness of Astrologers." But the work by which he is best known is the "Life of Bernard Gilpin." Upon that most interesting book he was engaged for some years. It was published in Latin just before he died, was translated into English soon afterwards, and after passing through several editions was re-issued in the early part of the present century as volume iv. of Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography." Most of the quaint stories about Gilpin which enliven the pages of local history come from Carleton's "Life," and it is the source from which subsequent biographers of the Northern apostle, down to the latest, the Rev. C. S. Collingwood, rector of Southwick, have derived the principal part of their material, if not their inspiration.

Bishop Carleton died at Chichester in May, 1628, and was buried in the choir of the Cathedral. By his marriage with Anne, daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew, and widow of Sir Henry Nevill, he had a son, Henry Carleton, who represented Arundel in the Long Parliament from its commencement till his death a year later. Anthony Wood, designating it "the unhappy Parliament," remarks with evident irony, that this son of a bishop, having received a commission from the House to be a captain, "showed himself an enemy to bishops."

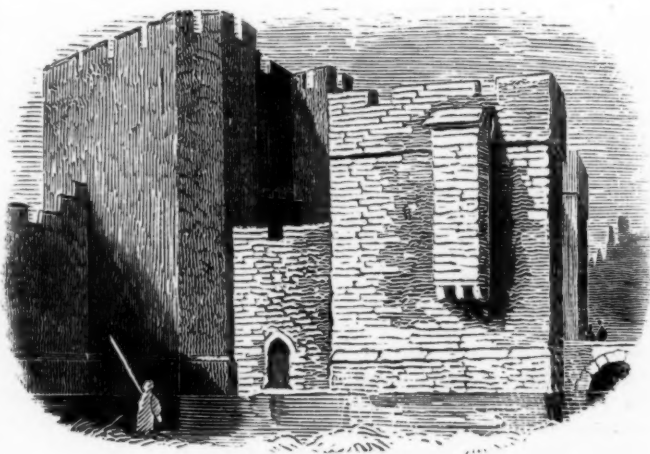
The Streets of Newcastle.

Newgate Street.



HE New Gate of Newcastle is mentioned as far back as the fourteenth century. From its name, it may be surmised that it stood on the site of an older structure. Mackenzie surmises that this latter must have been the Berwick Gate, through which the Bishop of Durham marched to join the English army that fought the Scots at Otterburn.

The south front was the most ancient part of Newgate. Its architecture was of the same style as that of the inner ward of Alnwick Castle. The north front was intended as an outwork to the defences of the main gate, and had a gallery on each side, wherefrom to attack assailants who had passed the first entrance. On this front were three ancient shields of arms:—St. George's cross; the arms of England, with the *fleurs de lis semee*; and those of Newcastle. In later times there was above the south



NEWGATE, ABOUT 1400.

front a statue of James I. It was placed under an arch, had a crown and robes, a sceptre in the right hand, and a globe in the left. It is now in the museum at the Castle. (Our engraving of Newgate, page 216, is copied from Brand's "History of Newcastle," 1789.)

"The gaol?" Yes; the New Gate was long the common gaol of Newcastle. It was made to do duty in that capacity for centuries. Formidable as its bolts and bars were, escapes were not uncommon. A remarkable instance of the kind occurred in 1736. On June 8th of that year one Thomas Tate, a turnkey at Newgate, stole in the night some cambric and other things from a tradesman's shop. He was lodged in his old quarters, but on the wrong side of the door. On the 15th of July, he and another prisoner, Alexander Ogle, broke out of the gaol, "where they were chained to the wall," and made their escape by a hole in the wall, through a toll-shop where some confederates were concealed. They got their heavy irons off, and left them in a field some distance away. Then came a crowning piece of impudence. They returned and entered the dwelling house of the keeper of the gaol, forcing out two iron bars, and picking the lock of the cellar door. This done, they went upstairs to the room which Tate had occupied when turnkey, and where a servant was lying sick in bed, and took out of the room a large wooden chest containing Tate's wearing apparel. They carried this chest down to the cellar, bolted the door on the inside, dressed themselves in the best clothes

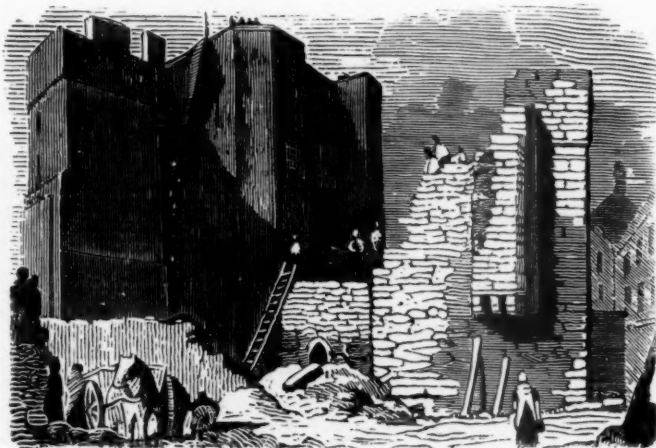
available, and got through the window again undiscovered. All this ingenuity, however, availed them but little, for they were taken near Bellingham, at the house of Tate's sweetheart. The keeper was delighted to see them again, and gave their captor ten guineas. Tate was chained down in prison, but he told the gaoler it was to no purpose, as he could break through all. Sure enough



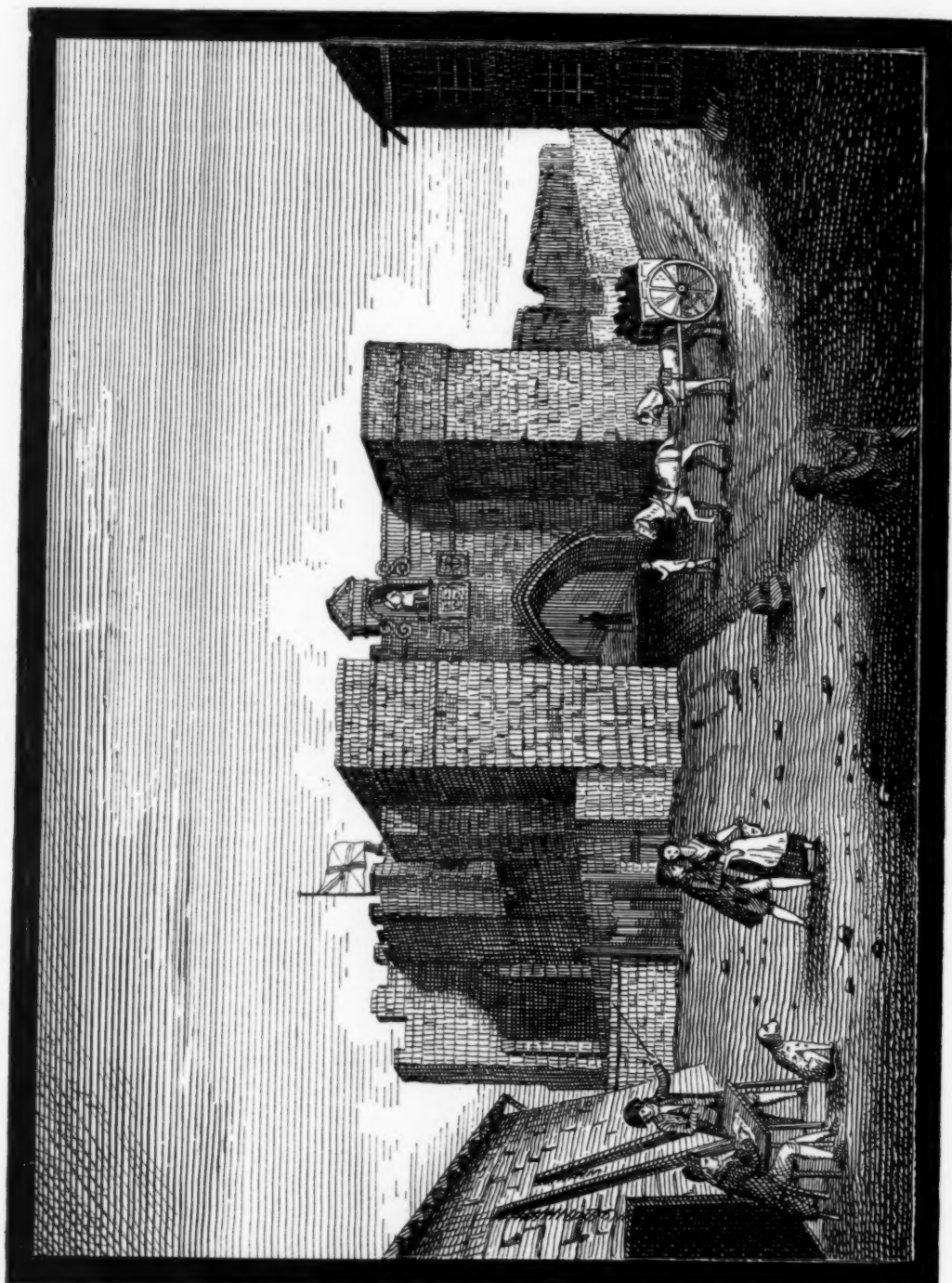
NEWGATE IN 1813.

he did, in the presence of two magistrates and a gaoler, in less than a quarter of an hour. It was then thought high time to set a guard over them. At the next Assizes Tate and Ogle were transported for seven years. In 1741, no less than eight felons made their escape in their irons on the same night; and a little later one William Smith, a smuggler, was equally successful.

The march of improvement has knocked down this strong New Gate. In 1820, it was "presented" at the Assizes by the grand jury "as being out of repair and inconvenient, insufficient, and insecure." This led to the building of the new prison in Carlol Croft, to which the felons were gradually removed, whilst the debtors were transferred to the Castle. In June, 1823, workmen began to pull down the east wing of Newgate, which was followed by the removal of the west wing; and the north wing was then demolished. The most ancient part of the Gate still remained, and a vigorous effort was made to save it from destruction. It was proposed to form a carriage-road and



DEMOLITION OF NEWGATE, 1823.



THE NEW GATE, NEWCASTLE, 1789.

footpath on each side of the old gateway, which was to be converted into halls for such incorporated companies as might need them. But the authorities would not hear of this. They wanted the old stones for the new prison; and so, in September, part of the remaining walls were blown down with gunpowder. The rest were more easily removed. The portcullis was found in a perfect state; it is now in Sir M. W. Ridley's grounds at Blagdon. During the demolition, several cannon-balls were found, deep sunk in the wall. Whilst the work was going on, a *jeu d'esprit* was privately circulated, which attracted some notice. We quote a few verses :—

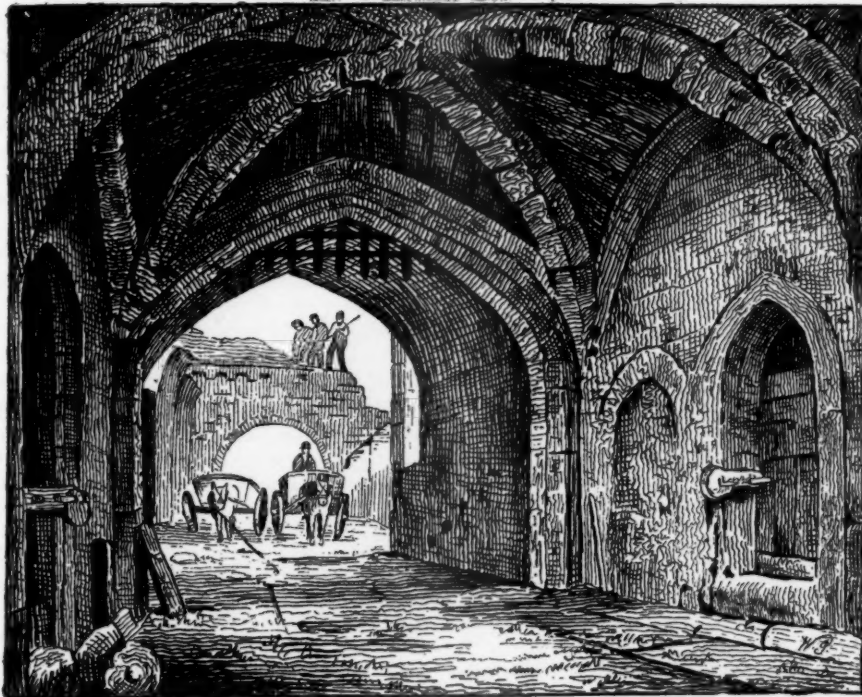
Alack ! and well-a-day !
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
We are all to grief a prey,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
They are pulling Newgate down,
That structure of renown,
Which so long has graced the town,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.
Antiquarians think't a scandal,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
It would shock a Goth or Vandal,
They declare ;
What, destroy the finest Lion
That ever man set eyes on !
'Tis a deed all must cry fie on,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,

'Tis a pile of ancient standing,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Deep reverence commanding,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Men of note and estimation,
In their course of elevation
Have in it held a station.
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Still, if Newgate's doomed to go,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
To the Carlol Croft—heigh ho !
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
As sure as you're alive,
(And long, sir, may you thrive),
This shock we'll ne'er survive,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Then pity our condition,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
And stop its demolition,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor ;
The commissioners restrain
From causing us such pain,
And we'll pay, and ne'er complain,
The gaol-cess, Mr. Mayor.

St. Andrew's Church, which is contiguous to the site of the demolished gate, is generally reputed to be the oldest in the town. Its erection has been attributed to David, King of Scots, who died in 1153. Bourne, indeed, conjectures that it was built before King David was born. But as little of the original structure now remains, it seems unnecessary to discuss the question with any

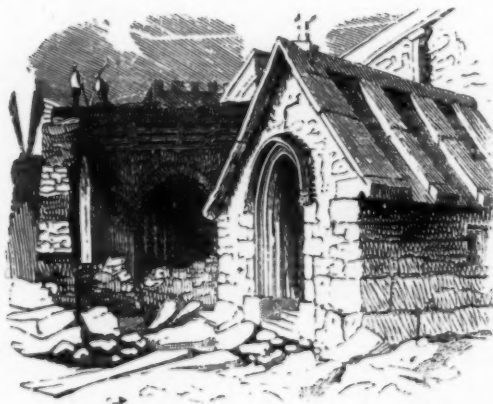


GROINED ARCHWAY OF NEWGATE, 1823.

From Drawing by T. M. Richardson.]

minuteness. During the siege of 1644, it was so much damaged that service was suspended for a year afterwards. Says the parish register:—"Ther was no child bapt^d in this parish for 1 year's tim after the town was taken, nor sarmon in this church for 1 year's tim." Above the altar is a picture representing the Last Supper, by the celebrated Giordano, which was given by Major Anderson in 1804. Major Anderson also offered to give a clock, if the parish would prepare the steeple for it; or to alter the steeple if the parish would provide the clock. The handsome proposal was, however, declined with thanks. Then the major offered, if the parish would build a new tower eighty feet in height, to raise upon it an elegant spire, equal in height to St. Nicholas'; but—"it was judged unsafe to attempt any considerable alteration in so old a building." The bells were put up in 1726, and one of them was cracked when ringing a funeral peal at the interment of Lord Beaconsfield.

The vestry is built on the north side of the church. In Brand's time, it had been "used not many years ago as an ale-cellar to an adjoining ale-house." At one time it was the headle's residence. As a vestry, it was first used in 1789, upon which occasion chicken, ham, ale, wine, &c., were provided by the churchwardens, and most of the party dined in it. Other alterations took place in 1844. The accompanying sketch from Richardson's "Table Book" shows the south transept and the south porch of the chancel during the demolition of the former in 1844.



DEMOLITION OF SOUTH TRANSEPT, ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

The most notable monument in the church was that to the memory of Sir Aymer de Athol and his wife, "originally plated very curiously with brass." Sir Aymer was taken prisoner on the eve of the battle of Otterburn. He died in 1402, but his monument endured to our own day. Within living memory it was almost unimpaired. Then it began to disappear piecemeal. At last nothing was left but the feet resting on a spotted leopard, and this portion had been torn from its proper place for the

enlargement of a pew, or something of that sort. A churchwarden saw its peril, and presented it to the Society of Antiquaries.

The church register begins in 1597. We extract a few entries, illustrative of the times:—

Feb. 13, 1634.—Baptised, Margaret, sup. daughter to Richard Richardson. Sureties: Charles Robson, Margaret Thompson, and Margaret Maddison. It was borne under a wayne before Rich. Apbyes dore in a morning in a sore frost & snow it came of a sudan to us or ells it had pished & wee knew not whence it so whe had nothing.

Feb. 9, 1640.—Thomas Karr and Joan Lanton, married—one of the Skotes army, and wold pay nothing to the church.

Feb. 22, 1640.—Andrew, supposed son of Rande Atkinson, workman, baptised—the 22d day—very base begote, for he is the 4th bastor that he hath by that woman.

May, 1640.—2 sogers for denying the Kynges pay, was by a kownsell of war apoynted to be shot at, & a pare of galos set up befor Tho. Malabers dore in the byg market. They kust lotes wich should dy & the lotes did fall of one Mr. Anthone Wickers & he was set against a wall & shot at by 6 lyght horamen & was bured in owre church yard the sam day May 16 day.

May 30, 1641.—Baptised Margret supposed daughter to Capton William Abernathie one of the Skotes arme he hath a wif of his owne in Skotland the mothers name is Margret Powr.

Sep. 23, 1642.—Thomas Blacket [married] to his dame, Marie Grene. She did love him in his master's time.

March 19, 1645.—Kudbart Wellsh, a blynd man, bured—the kapton of the begars.

Apr. 27, 1643.—Baptised Thomas a. to Thos. Whitfield which was kaste away a littel before he was born in a ship.

Feb. 11, 1645.—Baptised Marie d. to Mr. David Johnson, a lowe tennand of the Skotes arme. He kild the Gunner Anson in the fleshmarket in the night being drunk.

May 20, 1651.—Mari Dun buried, which was kounted for a wich.

Oct. 1651.—Robard Fenwick, a child, bur. the 24 day, which was drowend in the Bares myll dam, where he went to swim on the Saboth day—bur. Oct. 1652.

This "Bares myll dam" was a large sheet of water formerly occupying the site of Eldon Place, which served a mill beautifully embosomed among lofty trees, a few yards to the west of Barras Bridge.

Opposite St. Andrew's Church we have High Friar Street, or Chare, as our fathers were wont to call it. Though now a dirty, uninviting lane, its name is sufficient to remind us that formerly it had its associations with the monastic splendours of old.

A little below High Friar Street we come to St. Andrew's Street and the Vegetable Market, now reputed to be one of the best in the kingdom. The street was formerly known as Green Court, and was then a mean, insignificant place. Now it is a thriving business thoroughfare. Next to the market is a long bar, standing on the site of what was known as the Chancellor's Head, from the circumstance that a life-size portrait of Lord Eldon served for the sign of the inn. The portrait is still to be seen in one of the rooms.

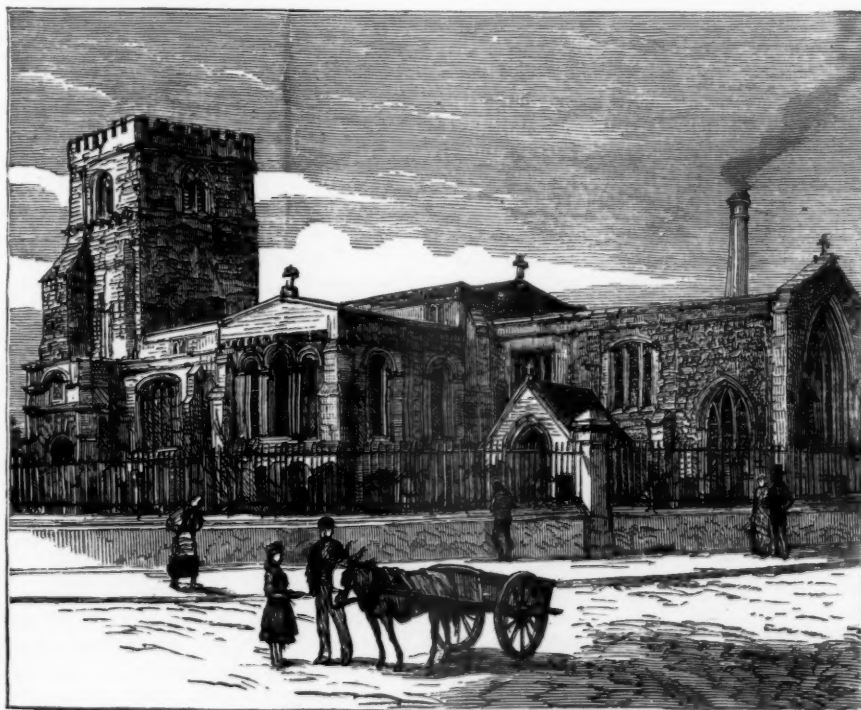
On the opposite side, at the bottom of the churchyard, is the little ancient street, long devoted to the tannery business, known as Darn Crook. The name is a corruption of "the Darwent Crook." It ran westward to the town wall, through which a passage was made into Gal-

lowgate in 1810. At right angles with Darn Crook is the narrow lane known as the West Walls, for an obvious reason—a portion of the veritable town wall still is to be seen. Just at the corner it was that an old woman was brutally murdered on the New Year's morning of 1863, after having first been otherwise shamefully maltreated, by a young miscreant of eighteen, George Vass by name, who was hanged in Carlol Croft in the following March. Opposite to Darn Crook there ran a little stream of water, now arched over, into the Lort Burn. Originally the Lam Burn, it acquired in later times the name of Execution Dock, not by reason of any of those grim associations which account for the name of Gallowgate, but because the debtors in New Gate—those whose bodies had been taken “in execution” for non-payment of their bills—if not in close confinement, had liberty to walk as far as that small brook.

From the foot of Darn Crook we proceed onward to Low Friar Street. This street was formerly known by the name of Shod-Friar Chare, from its vicinity to the monastery of the Black or Shod Friars.

At the corner of Low Friar Street is the Three Tuns Inn, associated with the name of Edward Chicken, the author of the “Collier's Wedding,” who lived and kept a school here, and who was parish clerk of St. John's Church for a quarter of a century. Opposite his door

long stood the famous White Cross. It must have been of great antiquity, for it is mentioned as early as the year 1410 in a document contained in the Bodleian Library; and the name of White Cross Street occurs in 1577. Bourne tells us on the authority of the Milbank MS.: “This cross was pulled down that very night after Sir George Selby died, and King James of sacred memory, March 24 [1625].” But as King James and Sir George Selby did not die on the same day, and neither of them died on the 24th of March, it is presumed that the Milbank MS. is not very accurate in its chronology. Besides, there is an order of Common Council in 1687 for repairing it. Bourne adds:—“On the place where the cross stood was a cistern for receiving the water which was then called the New Water. This was lately pulled down [1736]; and there is now in the place where the cross was, a pillar of stone work.” In 1773, a milk market was established at the White Cross. In 1784 the Cross was rebuilt. It had a pretty little spire, with a good clock, and was ornamented on the four sides with the arms of the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff. In form it was square, and supported by pillars. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 19.) A circle of stones in the roadway marks the exact site of the cross. Subsequently it was pulled down, and its materials converted into a canopy for the butter women in the old market. Annual



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

fairs for horses and cattle are still held in this street; and very great nuisances they are now-a-days—far greater than a dozen White Crosses!

Another matter we must mention. Between Execution Dock and the White Cross stood a row of houses nearly in the middle of the present street. In Bourne's plan of Newcastle some of them are marked near the east side of it. These were anciently styled "Cocksour or Cockstole Bothes," and afterwards the "Hucksters' Booths"; and from them the religious orders and other inhabitants of the town were supplied with provisions. They were pulled down some years before Brand wrote, having been repeatedly denounced as a nuisance to the street.

In the good old days Newgate Street possessed its Pillory. It must have stood in this neighbourhood, most probably beside the White Cross. 'Twas not a play-thing altogether, for Sykes records that on the 11th of April, 1758, one Susannah Fleming stood in the pillory at the White Cross for one hour, pursuant to her sentence, for fortune-telling. Though not molested by the populace, she was nearly strangled before the time was expired, occasioned either by fainting or shrinking down, or from having too much about her neck, and being thereby straitened in the hole. A sailor, out of charity, brought her down the ladder on his back in a nearly dying state.

"Great inns" were in this neighbourhood also. One of them must have been the Crown, concerning which we extract the following advertisement from a Newcastle newspaper, dated Jan. 4, 1770:—"This is to acquaint the Public that on Monday, the 1st inst., being the Lodge (or Monthly Meeting) Night of the Free and Accepted Masons of the 22nd Regiment, held at the Crown, near Newgate, Mrs. Bell, the Landlady of the House, broke open a Door (with a poker) that had not been opened for some years, by which Means she got into an adjacent Room, made two Holes in the Wall, and by that Stratagem discovered the Secrets of Masonry; and she knowing herself

to be the first Woman in the World that ever found out that Secret, is willing to make it known to all her Sex. So any Lady that is desirous of learning the Secrets of Freemasonry, by applying to that well-learned Woman (Mrs. Bell, that lived fifteen years in and about Newgate) may be instructed in all the Secrets of Masonry."

Another of the great inns was undoubtedly the Black Horse. The pant still in this street stood nearly in front of it, though a few years ago it was renewed; but the house itself had to come to the ground when Clayton Street in that neighbourhood was projected. It was a low, old-fashioned house, with dormer windows. With this house is associated the tragedy described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1837, page 18—the murder of Ferdinando Forster by John Fenwick of Rock.

Crossing Clayton Street, we find ourselves in the lower part of Newgate Street, which is devoted mainly to the refreshment of the inner man. Eating-houses and inns almost monopolise it. Many of these latter are modernised editions of the old-fashioned hostleries. The principal of them is the Scotch Arms. The old house, which most men of middle life will remember as a substantial building—solid, yet unpretending—was pulled down several years ago, and the present hotel erected in its place. According to Bourne, the ancient building had a large gate, which formerly had been a piece of stately workmanship. The arch of this gate remained till the year 1783. Bourne says: "Opposite the Nunnery on the west side of the street is an ancient building with a large gate, which has formerly been a piece of stately workmanship. This, Sir Robert Shafto, recorder of this town, was of opinion was the house of the Earls of Northumberland, and was called the Earl's Inn." (But we know now that the Earl's Inn was in the Close.) Gray, in the "Chorographia," says it was called the Scots Inn, because it was there that "the kings, nobility, and lords of Scots lodged in time of truce or league with England."

Opposite the Scotch Arms is a narrow street known as Nun's Lane. At the corner of this "inconveniently narrow" lane, as Mackenzie calls it, and fronting into Newgate Street, is a house built after the modern Gothic fashion, which marks the site of the grand entrance or gateway to the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew. This house was built by Major Anderson. When Brand wrote his History of Newcastle, in 1789, he tells us that a portion of the gateway "very lately remained." In his opinion, it was the grand entrance to the Nunnery; and here he is supported both by Mackenzie and by Dr. Bruce. But, on the other hand, Bourne supposes it to have been only a back entrance. Baillie also, writing in 1801, says: "This gate (which, several years ago, was entirely taken down by the Corporation) was not the great gate of the Nunnery, but a sort of back passage to it; for the Nunnery was situated lower down, as may be seen



THE BLACK HORSE, NEWGATE STREET, 1701.

by the ruins of some old walls in their garden, which still go by the name of the Nun's Garden."

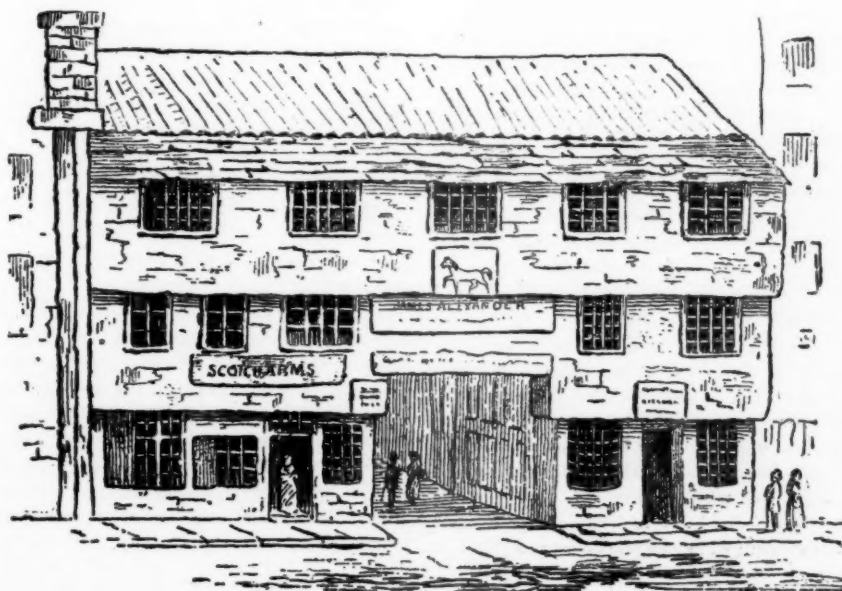
Be this as it may, the Nunnery is supposed to have been the earliest conventual establishment in Newcastle. Shortly after the Conquest, according to Simeon, three Benedictine monks came to Tyneside to visit the ruined churches here; and it is stated that soon after their arrival a small society of fair devotees was formed, of the Benedictine order, and under the auspices of (that is, dedicated to) St. Bartholomew the Apostle. In this view Brand substantially agrees, stating on the authority of the Scottish chronicler Fordun, that the Nunnery was in existence as early as 1086, in which year Agatha, the mother, and Christina, the sister, of Edgar Atheling, took the veil in Newcastle; "but in this," Dr. Bruce cautions us, "he is not borne out by his author." Both David King of Scotland and Henry I. of England have been reputed the original founders of this Nunnery; but Dodsworth, collecting from original records, holds the founder to have been one of the ancient barons of Hylton.

As the years went on, the Nunnery prospered. Gifts of land and money were being continually made; some of them of a rather curious kind. For instance, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, Marmaduke de Teung and Margaret his wife bequeathed a house and some land in Hartlepool, for the purpose "of purchasing smocks for the nuns of this priory."

Yet in spite of its rent-charges and its possessions, the

Nunnery-fell upon evil days. In 1355 its inmates ought to have been contented enough; for at that date, according to Bourne, the Nun's Moor was their property, and "there were wastes and houses in the Side, in Pilgrim Street, the Flesh Market, Oat Market, Darn Crook, and almost all the town over" belonging to them. Yet only eleven years after we find Bishop Hatfield of Durham appointing Hugh Arncliffe, celebrant of the divine office in St. Nicholas', Newcastle, to have the care and custody of the Nunnery, "whose miserable state, both spiritual and temporal, has excited his lordship's pity."

Arncliffe was not long in finding out grave irregularities. He reported Amisia Belford, the prioress, as an intruder, an incontinent, and allowing dilapidations in the fabric. Two of the nuns had been expelled by her, and these the bishop ordered her to receive again "freely and peacefully," and to treat with due affection. What became of Amisia history deponeth not. But in 1377 there was again trouble with the nuns, and Bishop Hatfield had once more to interfere, this time on behalf of the Lady Idoma Staunford, one of the sisters, who had absented herself. The bishop thought she had reasonable grounds for her conduct; the community thought otherwise, and refused to receive her, "in manifest contempt of us (says the indignant prelate) and to the great prejudice of the said Idoma." Wherefore the contumacious nuns were threatened with the greater excommunication if they further interfered with Idoma; and a "commission was at the same time granted to the bishop's suffragan to proceed against the house."



SCOTCH ARMS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1843.

The next interesting item in the history of the Nunnery bears date 1489. In that year Joan Baxter, the prioress, granted a lease for a hundred years of all that "parcel of ground called the Nun's Moor, as it lieth betwixt the fields called the Castle Moor, on the east and south parts, the field of Fenham on the west part, and the fields of Kenton on the north part," to the mayor and burgesses at a rental of 23s. 4d per annum.

When Henry VIII. dissolved the lesser monasteries, this Nunnery was refounded and preserved; but in 1540 it was suppressed. The establishment consisted then of a prioress, a sub-prioress, and nine nuns. In 1535, according to the *Liber Valorum*, the income of the nuns was £36 0s. 10d.; but at the date of the suppression of the religious houses the value of the property was estimated at £49 11s. 10d. per annum.

No traces now remain of this once important Benedictine foundation. Brand conjectures that it stood near the spot where the play-house was erected in 1748; namely, beside the old Turk's Head. Mackenzie accepts this theory as feasible, observing that it "seems supported by the part of the north wall of St. Bartholomew's Church, in which the door-way, built up with stone, is still observable; so that where once these daughters of celibacy and retirement heard their masses, Thalia and Melpomene in after times laughed and wept by turns." Dr. Bruce tells us where this play-house was with sufficient distinctness. "This theatre," says he, writing in 1863, "afterwards known as the Turk's Head Long-Room, was pulled down about thirty years since, to obtain an opening to connect Grainger Street, which was then in course of erection, with Newgate Street."

The house and grounds of the Nunnery were granted by King Henry to William Barantyne and others. At a later period the property passed into the possession of the Blackett family, who were also the possessors of the site of the adjacent house of the Grey Friars, and eventually both properties were purchased by Mr. Grainger, as already recorded.

There are those still living who remember the time when Newgate Street terminated as the Nun's Gate and the Sun Inn. It pleased our authorities, however, some years ago, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, to to carry on the thoroughfare by the name of Newgate Street as far as Grainger Street.

With this neighbourhood is associated the memory of J. P. Robson, "Bard of the Tyne and Minstrel of the Wear," a popular writer in his day. True, he was born in 1808 in Bailiffgate, which was behind the Postern, which, in its turn, was behind the Back Row (all these places have now disappeared). When Robson was six years of age, he was taken to live with his grandfather in an old-fashioned house in Nun's Lane; when sixteen, he was apprenticed in Newgate Street to a plane-maker, and here it was that he commenced his flirtations with the Muses. The poet of Newgate Street died in

August, 1870, and is buried in Jesmond Old Cemetery, where the surroundings harmonise with his aspirations:—

Oh! let me rest in some green mound
Where fragrance breathes around;
Where smooth-leaved trees droop o'er my tomb;
Where friends may wander forth at eve,
To ruminate and grieve
That love should die or friendship fade in gloom.

The Coming and Going of the Judges.



COURTS OF ASSIZE have been held in Newcastle from a very early period. At an inquisition held at Tynemouth "on the morrow after Easter," 1279, it was declared "that the King of Scotland, the Archbishop of York, the Prior of Tynemouth, the Bishop of Durham, and Gilbert de Umfraville, or their bailiffs, in the coming of the justices to all pleadings at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, if they come from the parts of Yorkshire, ought to meet the said justices at the head of the town of Gateshead, at a certain well which is called Chille-well, and to petition them for their liberties. And if it should happen that they come from the parts of Cumberland, then they ought to meet them at Fourstones, or elsewhere, at their entrance into the county."

The assizes were held "in the hye Castell" in the reign of Queen Mary, and in Elizabeth's charter, granted to Newcastle in 1589, the Castle-keep is described as "the prison or common gaol for our county of Northumberland," and the old Moot Hall, which stood on the now open space in front of the present Moot Hall, is called "the Mouthall or Hall of Sessions of the same county." From that time the assizes continued to be held in the old Moot Hall till 1810, when it was taken down. The present county buildings were immediately commenced; but whilst they were being erected the assizes were held in the nave of St. Nicholas' Church.

The custom of meeting the judges of assize "at the head of the town of Gateshead" continued until the establishment of railways. The whole ceremony was a piece of gorgeous pageantry, of which some account may not prove uninteresting.

So soon as the judges had arrived in York for the purpose of holding the assizes there, the High Sheriff or Under-Sheriff of Northumberland sent to them one or more copies of the calendar of the cases to be tried in Newcastle. About a month before the commencement of the assizes at Newcastle, the High Sheriff sent notes of invitation to such of the county gentlemen as he wished to join his procession to Sheriff Hill, to meet the judges there. These invitations were couched in something like the following terms:—

N., June 22, 1750.

Sir,—The favour of your company, on Monday, the . . . day of . . . next, at the Moot Hall, to drink a

glass of wine, and from thence to the Sheriff Hill, to meet the Judges of Assize, will greatly oblige,

Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,
A. C., Sheriff.

At a later period such notes of invitation were superseded by an advertisement in the Newcastle papers. The one issued prior to the Summer Assizes of 1845 read as follows:—

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of Northumberland.—The favour of your company on Wednesday, the 30th day of July inst., at the Moot Hall, and from thence to meet her Majesty's Judges of Assize, will much oblige,

Your very obedient servant,

RALPH CARR,

Sheriff.

Hedgley, 17th July, 1845.

Sometimes, when the High Sheriff was a popular person, these invitations were responded to by not fewer than 500 well-mounted gentlemen.

When the day of arrival came, the High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, attended by a few of their friends, proceeded about two o'clock, from the High Sheriff's hotel—usually, in later times, the Turk's Head—to the Moot Hall. Here two tables were set, each almost the length of the room. The tables were "covered with carpets, and furnished with candles, pipes and tobacco, with bread and salt; and within the usual space, one of another, on each side of each table, a bottle of white wine, and another of claret." The High Sheriff took his seat at the head of one of the tables, and the Under-Sheriff at the foot of the other. The High Sheriff then received the compliments of the county gentlemen, who came into the room in groups, each drinking a glass of wine, staying a little while, smoking a pipe if he cared to do so, and then withdrawing to make room for others.

By-and-by the procession started. This was its order:—

The livery men, two and two.

The bailiffs with their rods, two and two.
Two trumpeters abreast, with banners pendant from their trumpets, bearing the High Sheriff's coat of arms.

The gaoler, with a black wand.

The Under-Sheriff, with a white wand and sword.

The High Sheriff, with a white wand and sword, and having his stirrups held by pages in his livery.

The High Sheriff's relatives, two and two.

The county gentlemen, two and two.

Servants, two and two.

The Sheriff's coach, drawn by six horses.

Other coaches.

The procession started from the Moot Hall. Before 1810 it went along the narrow street now known as Castle Garth, through the Black Gate, and into the lately demolished Bailiffgate. After 1810 it went along the south side of the Keep, into Bailiffgate, then into Westgate, along Collingwood Street, down Dean Street, through the lower part of the Side, across the Sandhill, over the Tyne Bridge, ascended Church Street, Gateshead, and, at the head of Bottle Bank, turned into High Street. Before the formation of Dean Street, the procession went from the Black Gate down the steep part of the Side, and before Church Street, in Gateshead, was

made, it was under the necessity of ascending the equally steep Bottle Bank. On reaching the Gateshead Toll Booth, which stood in the middle of High Street opposite the end of Swinburne Street, a halt was made. The two



pages left their places beside the High Sheriff and were mounted behind his coach. Many of the gentlemen and carriages here quitted the procession.

From the Toll Booth the procession went forward to Sheriff Hill, "the usual place of meeting," where, says the Sheriff's old Book of Instructions, "you light and go into the house." This house was the inn at Sheriff Hill known as the "Old Cannon." It has been modernized within the last few years. Its walls have been raised, new windows have been inserted, its roof of red tiles has given place to one of blue slate, and its front has been entirely covered with concrete. Almost opposite the inn is a fountain, or well, or pump—for it includes in itself some features of all these things—which one could wish it might be possible to identify with the Chille Well mentioned in the time of Edward I. It is inscribed with these words from the Book of Proverbs:—

AS COLD WATERS TO A THIRSTY SOUL,
SO IS GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

After the formation of the new Durham Road, which passes through Gateshead Low Fell, the usual place of meeting was the foot of Buck Lane, where there is a more modern inn than that on Sheriff Hill, called the New Cannon. When the High Sheriff and his attendants arrived at the Old Cannon in the earlier times, or at the New Cannon in later days, they went into the house, where wine and punch had been ordered at the Sheriff's cost, and where they comfortably, and no doubt patiently, awaited the arrival of the judges.

When the judges' coach arrived at the Cannon—Old or New—it drew up alongside the High Sheriff's coach. The High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, as well as the gentlemen in attendance, then stepped forward and paid their compliments to the judges, after which these magnates of the law entered the Sheriff's coach, taking the back seat. The High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff then entered the same coach, taking the front seat. An old MS., which lies before me, says:—"The Sheriffs must observe these forms, viz., to step into the coach after the judges, and

step out before them, and stand a little aside, and always sit with their backs to the horses." The procession was then re-formed and the whole cavalcade returned to Newcastle. The arrival of the judges at Sheriff Hill is described by "A Gentleman of the Middle Temple," whom I dare not call a poet, in a scarce rhyming pamphlet, printed in 1751, and entitled "A Northern Circuit."

What splendour sparkles on the hill,
Which nobles, gentry, farmers fill !
To meet Astraea with applause,
And show they're hearty in her cause.
Bells, trumpets, cannons loud proclaim
Her welcome there, with fairest fame.
How eager is the numerous throng,
Who almost bear the coach along !

When the Sheriff's coach reached the famed Blue Stone on Tyne Bridge a halt was made. Here the Sheriff of Newcastle, carrying his rod, attended by the sergeants-at-mace, dressed in gowns and holding their maces, and the free porters with their halberds, awaited the arrival of the procession. The town Sheriff paid his compliments to the judges, after which he and his attendants fell into the procession immediately in front of the High Sheriff's coach, and the cavalcade proceeded to the Guildhall. Here the county Sheriffs and the judges alighted, and were met within three steps from the foot of the staircase by the Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen of the town, the Mayor carrying his mace, and all of them dressed in their robes of office. After these magnates had saluted the judges, another procession was formed, which advanced up the

stairway and into the Town's Court. This was the order of the procession :—

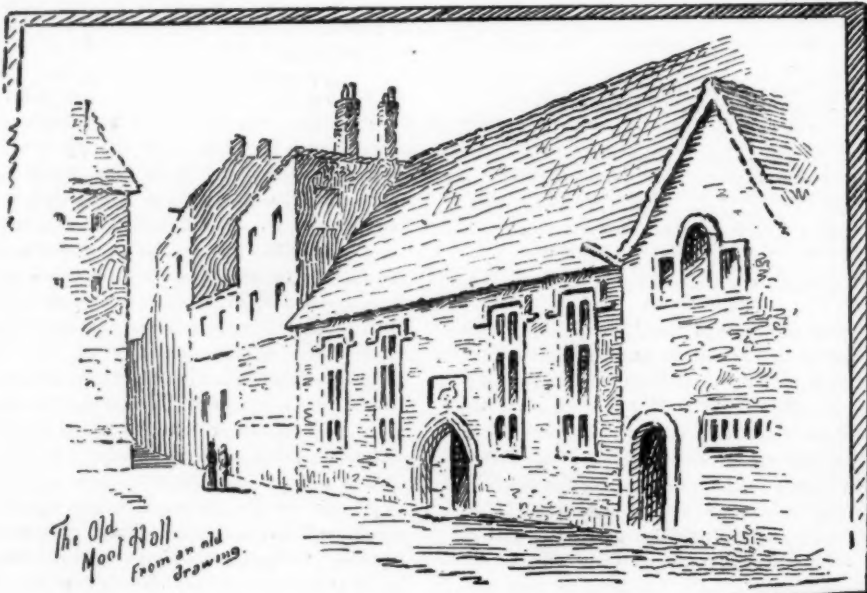
Free porters, two and two.

Sergeants-at-Mace, two and two.

The Sheriff of Newcastle and the Under-Sheriff of Northumberland.
The High Sheriff.

Aldermen of Newcastle, two and two.

The Mayor of Newcastle with the Judges to right and left. When the judges had entered the Town Court, the commission for the town was read. "But," says my MS., "as the High Sheriff has no business under this commission, he and his Under-Sheriff wait in the Mayor's Chamber" until the judges are ready to proceed to the Moot Hall. The procession which conducted the judges upstairs, then in the same order conducted them down again. At the foot of the stairs the judges resumed their seats in the High Sheriff's coach, and the procession, in the order which it assumed at the Blue Stone, made its way to the Castle Garth. The route taken was that which the High Sheriff's procession had adopted on its way to Sheriff Hill. The Mayor in the meantime made his way to the Mansion House, to be ready to receive the judges there. Before 1810 the judges entered the Castle precincts through the Black Gate, and the town's Sheriff and his attendants waited outside this grim portal, since within the liberties of the Castle, which were in the county of Northumberland, he had no jurisdiction. The rest of the procession went forward to the Moot Hall, where the judges and Sheriffs alighted, went into the court, and opened the commission for the county. The court was then adjourned till the following morning.



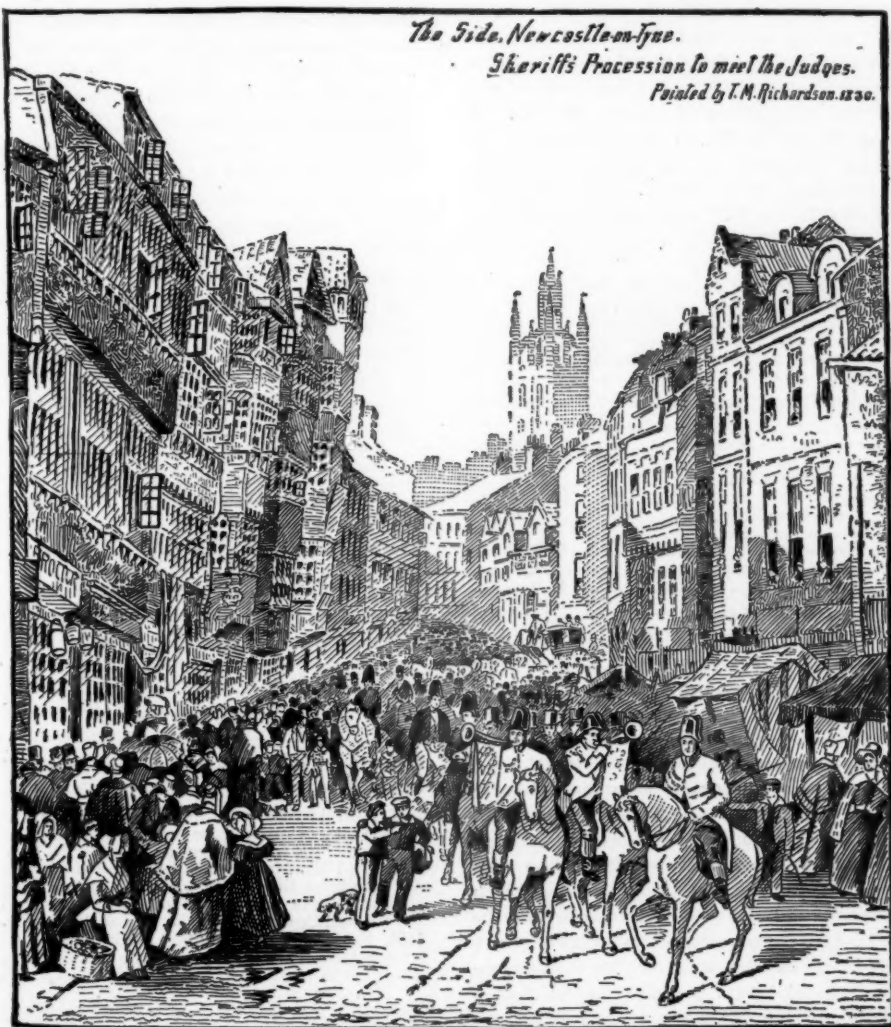
The Old
Moot Hall.
from an old
drawing.

The procession was then once more formed, and in the same order as before proceeded to the Mansion House in the Close, the Mayor's official residence. The High Sheriff, preceded by the town officials, conducted the judges from the coach to the highest step before the Mayor's door, where they were received by the Mayor. So ended the first day's pageantry.

The following morning the judges attended service at St. Nicholas' Church. They were conducted from the Mayor's house by a procession almost as imposing as that of the preceding day. From the church they proceeded to the Moot Hall. During the whole time of the Assizes the judges were, as they are still, conducted by the High Sheriff and the Under-Sheriff to and from the courts.

The expense incurred by the High Sheriff in receiving the judges, and by the Mayor in entertaining them, was by no means trifling. Fortunately we have an account of the costs borne in 1628] and 1629, by Sir Thomas Swinburne, then High Sheriff, at the Assizes of those years. He evidently discharged the duties of his office, at least in his first year of office, in a right lordly way. The first items of his expenditure are recorded as follows:—

Imprimis, for a dynner for the gentry and others that went over with me to meete the judges being 200 men, paying for every gentleman 2s. 6d., and serving men 12d. a piece. Item, the next day a dynner for the judges and other 200 men, payeing as before 2s. 6d. gentlemen, and 12d.



serving men att Edward French his house in Newcastle For my wyne..... For sugar For tobacco For March beers Paid to Edward French for other meales when my friends and I were there att 12d. a peece one with another	£35 0 0 £7 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 6 0 0
--	---

But this was not all. Venison and wild fowl were supplied to the innkeeper at the Sheriff's charge for all this feasting. So his account proceeds—

To my Lord William Howard's man for 2 staggos and 4 bucks, the keepers fees 20s. for every stag and 5s. a peece bringing them, and 10s. every buck for the keepers fee and 2s. 6d. for his carriage.....	5 0 0
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From other sources, including the parks of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "my lord of Newcastle" at Bothal, "my lord of Monmouth," Sir John Fenwick, and the Dean of Durham, came 2½ stags, 8½ bucks, and 2 roes, at a total cost of £8 3s. The wild fowl cost £4 11s., incl ding 10s. to my Cozen William Read's man for sea foule out of the Farne yland." A gratuity of 40s. was given to the cook, which he doubtless richly deserved. Then we have the item, "To the Musick, 20s." We learn from the following entry that the Sheriff's bailiffs were boarded at his expense.

Item, to 24 Bailiffes for their borde wages att 12d. a day for each of them remayneing from the Tewsday that I came to Newcastle till Mundaye, that the prisoners were executed being in all seven days	£8 8 0
--	--------

Other curious items in this account are the following:—

To the mynister of St. Nicholas' Church for visiting the prisoners.....	0 10 0
For mending the towne gallows and carrying the ladders.....	0 12 0
For buryeing 3 poore prisoners.....	0 7 6
Item, to my hoste Hutchinson, where I lodged in the tyme of the Assizes, upon one bill	2 0 0
Item, att my coming awaye for drinke and my owne men's dyett	4 0 0

Then comes a payment of £18 18s., for 42 "yardes of blew," employed in making "blew coates" for the 24 bailiffs, the county clerk, the two gaolers, and the Under-Sheriff's man, each coat requiring "a yeardé and a halfe." Ten other "blew coates" for the Sheriff's servants cost £6 15s. The whole cost of these assizes to the High Sheriff in that one year amounted to £214 12s. 10d.

It was Sir Thomas Swinburne's misfortune to be compelled to serve as High Sheriff in the following year, Robert Brandling, of Alnwick, who had been appointed, refusing to serve. When the time of the assizes came Swinburne was as economical as he had before been liberal. On the first day "when I came in with the judges," 2s. a head was paid for the dinners of gentlemen, and 1s. for servants, whilst on other days the innkeeper was allowed for gentry and servants alike 1s. a head. Only one buck and one stag were provided, and the wild fowl cost only 11s. The gratuity to Mungo

Barnes, the cook, came down to 22s. The grand total amounted only to £44 9s. 4d. It is curious to learn that a sugar loaf, weighing six pounds, cost 9s. 6d., or 1s. 7d. a pound. Making a pair of gallows in the Castle Garth cost 13s. 4d.

The cost incurred by the town in preparing for and entertaining the judges can only be gathered from such portions of the Corporation accounts as are accessible to us. Some items, though trifling in amount, are of great interest. We have, for instance, a payment in July, 1594, of 4d. "for rushes and mynt upp to the town courte," both articles being intended to be strown on the floor. In 1660 clean rushes were not considered a sufficient garniture to meet the judges' eyes, for the sum of 6s. 6d. was "paid for hanging up the tapestry, and for rushes for the towne courte, at the assizes." Whilst the Guildhall was being erected, the Assizes were held "in the chapel," that is, I believe, the chapel of St. Thomas, at the north end of Tyne Bridge. This edifice was made "fit for the judges" by an outlay of £6 3s.

The judges must be entertained during their stay. The town usually provided a banquet, at which the judges attended. In 1592, the sum of £3 16s. 10d. was given to Mr. William Greenwell, Sheriff, "for the charges of the judges banquet in the Pentas." In 1595, "for the chairs of the judges banquet in the Pentas att Lambas laste" the amount was £4 7s. 2d. It was, no doubt, for some such entertainment that, in 1598, the following expenses were incurred:—

Paid upon Mr. Maiors his warrante for one mannes charges 4 daies for the provideinge of venysonn for the judges.....	20s. 0d.
For horse hier 4 daies.....	5s. 4d.
Paide to Christofer Applebie, serjante, for his owne charges, 7 daies, and his horse meate.....	10s. 8d.
For horse hier 7 daies.....	9s. 4d.
Provideinge venysonn for the judges, commanded by Mr. Maior to paie	20s. 0d.

At a later period a ball formed part of the entertainment, and the rhymster whom I have before quoted tells us that, on one occasion a least,

The ladies, handsome, brilliant, gay,
To dance took half the bar away.

In the Corporation accounts we find frequent payments to the Mayors of the town, to reimburse them the expenses they had incurred in entertaining the judges. The following extracts may be quoted as examples:—

- 1647, Paid the right worshipful the maior for entertaining the judges fower daies and 4 nights with theare attendance, and feasting the high sherife, £60.
1651, Paid Mr. Maior which he disburs for provisions to entertaine the judges (though they came no farther then Yorke this yeare), and for a present to the lord generall Cromwell when he was at Stella, £60.
1659, Paid the right worshipful Marke Milbanke, maior, for the entertainment of judge baron Thorpe, and judge barron Parker, and all their followers, from the 11th August to the — August, £68.

Before the Mansion House in the Close was abandoned, the Mayor for the time being possessed a barge, for his

official use as admiral of the river. In this it was the custom to take the judges down the river to Tynemouth, or up the river to the King's Meadows.

On one occasion a circumstance occurred which is related in an interleaved copy of Bourne's History. "In 1729, the town had a trial at the assizes with Sir Henry Liddell about paying of tolls, wherein a verdict was given in favour of Sir Henry. It was then customary for the judges to go in the town's barge, attended by the Mayor, and others of the Corporation, to Tynmouth; and in their return, Mr. Justice Page, who tried the case, had some hot words with Mr. Reay (the Mayor) relating to the trial, and thereupon the judge threatened to commit the Mayor; and the Mayor told the judge he would commit him, being then upon the water and in his jurisdiction. This squabble was the occasion of discontinuing the custom of going to Tynmouth." It was, however, resumed after a time.

Amongst the people of Newcastle and the surrounding villages, the great event of the assizes was the attendance of the judges at St. Nicholas's Church on the Sunday. This day was known as Assize Sunday. A special sermon was preached, usually by the High Sheriff's chaplain—that is, the vicar or perpetual curate of the church which the High Sheriff attended. The procession which conducted the judges from the Mansion House to the church, and back again, was of the most imposing character. First came the county bailiffs with their rods, then the sergeants-at-arms in blue cloaks and cocked hats, bearing their silver maces. Next came the sword and mace bearers. Then followed the state carriages with the Mayor, the High Sheriff, the Town Sheriff, and the judges. Then came the carriages of aldermen and private carriages, containing the gentlemen of the Grand Jury, who had also been entertained at the Mansion House. As the procession started, the bells of the churches rang out merry peals. The Close, the Sandhill, and the Side were crowded with townspeople and country-folks who had come to witness the grand sight. "We have seen the streets," says G. Bouchier Richardson, "between the Mansion House and the Church literally crammed with well-dressed multitudes, all anxious to gain a glimpse of the procession, while the long lines of casemented windows of the antique dwellings on the Sandhill and the Side were thronged with beaming faces and the gaily dressed." It is this scene, as the procession returned down the Side, that is represented on page 225 in T. M. Richardson's painting.*

Despite balls, banquets, and processions, the time at length arrived for the judges to depart. Carlisle was their next station, and the journey thither, before the

formation of General Wade's military way, was long, arduous, and dangerous. The road then usually taken was past Denton Hall, through Newburn, Wylam, Ovingham, and Corbridge to Hexham, and then forward through Haydon Bridge and Haltwhistle. It was the practice for the High Sheriff and his attendants, and the Mayor and some of the aldermen and officers of the Corporation, to accompany the judges to Benwell Hill. Here there was a parting ceremony. Both the High Sheriff and the Mayor presented to each of the judges a piece of money. We have evidence of this custom early in the reign of Elizabeth, and how long it had then been practised it is impossible to say. In 1566, the Corporation accounts have the following entry:—

Given at Mr. Maiors commandment to the judges, two olde ryalls, for their fee, 30s.

In 1595, we find a similar item:—

Paid for two old spur riols given to the judges of the assizes yeirlic accustomed, 15s. 6d. per piece, 31s.

A spur-riol, or spur-royal, it need scarcely be said, was a gold coin current in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. On its reverse it bore a star which resembled the rowell of a spur. When Sir James Whitlocke was on the Northern Circuit in 1627, he received, as he records in his *Liber Famelicus*, a "spur royall" from the Mayor of Newcastle at "leave-taking," and valued the coin at 15s. From the Sheriff of Northumberland, "at leave taking," he received "in gold" £1. In the following year Sir James Whitlocke was here again, and the Sheriff of Northumberland entered the following item in his private accounts:—

To the judges, Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir James Whitlocke, either of them, a [gold] peece att our parting upon Benwell hills, £2.

In 1659 the Corporation accounts record a payment of 42s. 6d. "for two rose nobles given to the judges." These payments were originally intended to enable the judges to provide themselves with arms for self-defence in their perilous journeys. The custom of paying "dagger money," as it was called, is continued to this day.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

V.

THE RISE AND POWER OF OSWY.



WHILE pagan inroads were eating the very life out of the Northumbrian people, the chiefs, unfortunately, remained at variance about a ruler. Oswy, a brother of the saintly Oswald, had claimed the throne after the disaster at Maeserfield, in 642, and expected to reign, as his predecessor had done, over both Bernicia and Deira. The inhabitants of the southern province objected to such an arrangement, and demanded that Oswin, the son of Osric,

* The picture is the property of the Corporation, and is preserved in the Mansion House, or Judges' Lodgings, in Saville Row. It has been copied by the kind permission of the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Richardson).

should be their king. Although it was seen that acquiescence with these wishes must prove a source of weakness, there was no alternative, under the circumstances, but to comply. For a time the two sovereigns preserved peaceful relations, and did their best to prevent the raids and devastations of the Mercians. They succeeded almost beyond their expectations; and after the pagans had been expelled or conciliated, the lands north of the Humber enjoyed a period of much needed repose. It was not of long duration. Though, outwardly, there was friendship between the rulers, neither Oswy nor Oswin were satisfied with a divided control. It was a struggle in reality, as to whether the royal line of Ethelfrith or that of Edwin should have the ascendancy; and the respective representatives prepared, as secretly as they could, for the time when the dispute should be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. In this scheming for power, Oswy's efforts seemed likely to be crowned with the greatest success. His following had become so considerable by 649, that Oswin—rather than risk an open encounter—voluntarily abandoned his forces, and went into hiding. But his absence failed to avert the calamity he dreaded. Through the treachery of a thegn in whom he had implicit confidence, he was discovered at Gilling, near Richmond, and there brutally murdered by one of his rival's emissaries. The dead prince—who was a man of stately presence, and of great piety and humility—was dearly beloved by all the monks, and they mourned his loss as that of an intimate friend. They managed to secure his remains, and buried them in a small religious house which already existed on the bold promontory at

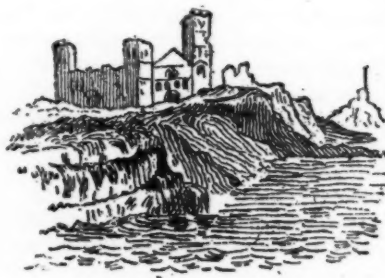


Tynemouth. The site of this grave became a centre for innumerable pilgrimages, and caused, at a later day, the erection of an edifice that was destined to play an important part in the local annals. Although Oswin was succeeded by Adelwald, a young son of Oswald's, in 649, Deira had practically no independence. Oswy's influence now became so great, and the force behind him so powerful, that he may be regarded as monarch over the whole territory that his brother had ruled. And, in the main, he

exercised his authority wisely and well. Through the instrumentality of Aidan—assisted by Uta, the superior of a monastery at Gateshead—he arranged a matrimonial alliance with Eanfleda, a cousin of Oswin, and thus gained considerable support from men who had hitherto opposed him. Freed from invasion, and trusted by his people, Oswy at once began to exert his influence in favour of an extension of monasticism, and sent missionaries far over his own and neighbouring lands.

FURTHER ATTEMPTS TO CHRISTIANISE THE PAGANS.

Though Penda and his Mercians looked coldly on this movement, they refrained from hostility. They had allowed Alchfrid—a son of the Northumbrian ruler by a former marriage—to take one of the old king's daughters as his wife. They were quiet even when Peada, the old pagan's heir, became a convert to the new faith. This young prince, who was chief of the Mid-Angles, had long desired an alliance with Oswy's daughter, but failed to receive consent because of his heathenism. As many others have acted since, he thereupon determined to waive his own scruples rather than lose a bride. On making his decision known, he was invited to the Northumbrian Court in 653, and there, with many of his followers, was admitted to the Christian Church. Finan



—who had succeeded Aidan as Bishop of Lindisfarne—performed the ceremony of baptism “in that famous royal town at the wall.” Some authorities have endeavoured to show that the place thus referred to was Walbottle. Bede's account bears unmistakable evidence that the royal town was Ad Murum—the site of the present city of Newcastle—as he more than once refers to it as being only ten or twelve miles from the Eastern Sea. If this is so, it is equally clear that the kingly dwelling of Pandon Hall—with its strong position between the Roman Wall and the river—was the scene of the festivities alluded to. On taking his homeward journey, Peada was accompanied by four priests, and they are said to have preached the word so assiduously in the southern land that multitudes renounced their idols.

PENDA ONCE MORE ON THE WAR-PATH.

Though interesting enough in itself, this mission work would have formed no part of our paper if it had not been for the results that sprang from it. The Mercian

monarch, as we have shown, stood quietly by while the leading members of his household were allying themselves with the royal family of Northumbria. But it was another matter, apparently, when the monks were sent so ostentatiously to his very threshold. He was close upon 80 years of age, and, if not quite so energetic, was quite as vindictive as he had ever been. Mustering his forces, in 654, he hurled them against the converts of East Anglia, and inflicted a terrible punishment upon that somewhat changeable people. In the following year, being still wroth, he commenced hostilities against the Northumbrians. Family alliances were powerless to turn him from his purpose, and offers of costly subsidy were equally ineffectual. The ancient warrior summoned no fewer than 30 of his tributary chiefs—Welsh and Cumbrians amongst them—and then sent an imperative message to the East Anglian king as to the precise amount of assistance he would be expected to render during the campaign. In this way he soon got together an army that appeared invincible. Placing himself at the head of this mighty host, he began his march northward in the beginning of November, 655. On reaching the neighbourhood of Leeds, his advance was stopped to allow of negotiations with Adelwald, the so-called ruler of Deira. This prince is said to have practically submitted to Penda, and to have promised—as a means of avenging the murder of Oswin—that his own troops should assist in subjugating their brethren of Bernicia. Hearing of this alliance, and being alarmed at the enormous odds against him, Oswy again endeavoured, by means of valuable bribes, to induce the Mercians to abandon their enterprise. But Penda was inexorable. The Christians had to be crushed, and his followers had to be enriched with booty. It may have been, also, that he desired to have one more kingly victim. He had already slain five rulers, and, if Oswy could be added to the list, his reputation amongst the leaders of men would have been greatly enhanced. Realising that all hope of peace was impossible, and recollecting the horrors of previous invasions, Oswy was nerved with the courage of despair. He called his chosen councillors together, resolved on battle, and—as the monkish writers tell us—then vowed that he would give his infant daughter to the service of the Church, and grant as much land as would endow a dozen monasteries, if fortune favoured his arms with victory. Though the Northumbrians were numerically inferior to their opponents, they took their way valiantly to the Mercian encampment. Many of Adelwald's best warriors joined them on the way, and so weakened the forces of that treacherous prince that, although he was ready for action, he could not decide which of the opposing parties it would be wisest for him to support. Thinking, doubtless, that he would afterwards receive small consideration from either side, he determined to break his engagement with Penda, and to hold himself in readiness to fight or bargain with the conqueror. Acting on this resolve, he

withdrew his men to a safe distance, and left Oswy and the Mercians to settle the dispute between themselves. In this way, without intending it, he conferred a substantial advantage on the Northmen, as it lessened the serious odds against them.

DEATH OF THE MERCIAN KING AT WINAUDFIELD.

On becoming acquainted with this favourable change in the aspect of affairs, the Northumbrian king was inspired with so much hope and confidence, that he decided to take the initiative instead of waiting to be attacked. He found the army of Penda drawn up at a place called Winaudfield, near Leeds—probably Winmoor, in the parish of Seaforth—and, having properly stationed his forces, he burst upon the Mercians with such fury as to throw their ranks into confusion. A determined struggle ensued—in which sword and javelin wrought frightful havoc—and for a time it was doubtful which side was making the greatest headway. By the judicious manipulation of a stalwart body of reserves, however, the tide was eventually turned in Oswy's favour. At first the Mercians only wavered at this new onslaught; but in a few minutes they were in full flight for the shelter of a river that bounded their position on the south. Though Bede named this waterway the Winwed, later historians have advanced good reasons for identifying it with the Aire. But, however designated, it failed to save the fugitives. Heavy rains had caused the stream to overflow its banks, and rendered highly dangerous its previously safe fords. This circumstance, not fully appreciated till too late, caused more destruction amongst the panic-stricken invaders than had already been wrought by the sword. "It was a great day for the independence of the Northern kingdom, and a still greater for its Christianity. On the one hand, the plains of Yorkshire witnessed the emancipation of England; on the other, Penda fell, and with him fell paganism." One of the hardest fought battles of the period had resulted in the death of two kings, thirty petty chieftains, and the flower of the fighting men of Middle Angle-land. Here again, as in so many of these early conflicts, there is much doubt as to the precise locality. Some persons have argued that this bloody scene took place on the plain of Gai, near the Firth of Forth, and that it occurred after Penda had made his abortive attempt to burn Bamborough Castle. In this opinion they are guided by two circumstances—first, because some of the Scottish bards have given that as the spot on which Penda was slain; and, secondly, because Loidis, the locality mentioned by Bede, was once the name given to the Lothians. There can be no doubt, however, that the monk of Jarrow used the word Loidis on several occasions when he certainly meant Leeds, and that should be good evidence that he so applied it now. But apart from this consideration, there is absolutely no justification for saying that Penda made any extensive inroad into Northumbria in 655. As for the Bamborough incident, it must either be discarded altogether, or ac-

cepted as the priests describe. The strongest feature in all their narratives lies in the belief that Aidan, by the fervour of his prayers, kept back the flames which threatened the stronghold. As most reliable authorities agree that Aidan died in 651, and that his successor baptized Penda in 653, it is fair to assume that the advance of the Mercians to the district beyond the Coquet was in the heyday of their prosperity after Maeserfield.

GREATNESS OF NORTHUMBRIA.

Though Penda's death left Oswy free to deal with his treacherous foes in Deira, he magnanimously overlooked their delinquencies, in order to devote himself to a war of vengeance against the Mercians. Placing himself at the head of a powerful army, he quickly overran their country; appointed Northumbrian thegns as its rulers; and, on the death of Penda, his son-in-law, seized the possessions which that prince had ruled on his father's behalf. This terrific struggle between heathendom and Christianity was followed by a good interval of peace. In 658, however, a general rising of the Mid-Angles led to the restoration of Penda's line; though Wulfere, the new ruler, still acknowledged the over-lordship of the Northern king. Oswy was Bretwalda, as two of his predecessors had been; but in addition to holding high and undisputed authority over the Anglian race, he is said to have exacted tribute from the Picts and Scots also. While thus powerful, he did not fail to fulfil his vow about the monasteries, and quickly planted a dozen spacious structures in well-selected centres of Bernicia and Deira. He sent his daughter to the Lady Hilda—who shortly afterwards removed from Hartlepool to Whitby—and witnessed the



progress of that marvellous movement which led to the conversion of the entire kingdom. It is beyond our province to follow the many disputes that arose between Scotie and Romish prelates, or to notice the part taken by the king in their settlement. It will be sufficient to say that Oswy, when at his greatest, was performing a work in conjunction with Finan, Colman, Chad, Cuthbert, Wilfrid, and Theodore, which did more, perhaps, for the advancement of his people and the improvement of his country than any of his warlike exploits could ever accomplish. In 664, the death of Adelwald, of Deira, left Oswy with the disposal of a vacant throne. He con-

ferred it on Alchfrid, his own son, and thus created a power which, without being particularly dangerous, caused him endless anxiety and trouble, and tended not a little to mar the happiness of his long and useful reign. He died in 670, beloved by his people, and left the land he ruled in a state of greater prosperity than at any other period of its eventful history.

OPPOSITION TO EGFRID.

When Northumbria came under the rule of Egfrid, the favourite son of Oswy, there was every appearance of a protracted peace. Before a year had elapsed, however, the Picts unexpectedly attempted to regain their independence. Collecting a large army, in 671, they invaded the country south of the Forth, and committed many and serious depredations. Egfrid took the field, as quickly as circumstances would permit, at the head of a formidable body of horsemen, and, meeting the enemy on the banks of a river which the old chroniclers do not name, he is said to have inflicted such a terrible defeat upon them that the waterway was obstructed by the bodies of their slain. Following up his success, he chased the enemy into mountain fastnesses; and then began such a brilliant campaign against their British neighbours on the west, that he "raised the Northumbrian power to the highest pitch of glory." For the first time in history, the kingdom of Cumbria was at the mercy of an invader, and the district around Carlisle became English ground.

HOME TROUBLES AND FURTHER WAR.

After these important triumphs, Egfrid settled down, as his predecessors had done, to help forward the work of church building. Many new handicrafts were encouraged, many noble edifices were reared amid scenes of great sylvan beauty, and the priests were making rapid progress with the education and enlightenment of the people. But here, again, there were serious troubles to be grappled with. Wilfrid, who was Bishop of the Northern Diocese, appears to have exercised great influence over Etheldreda, the wife of Egfrid, and not always with the most cordial approval of the king. In 674, for instance, the lady gave the lands that are now known as Hexhamshire for the purposes of the Church. She had been an unwilling bride from the commencement—probably at the wily priest's instigation—and now followed her munificent grant by secretly taking the veil. Egfrid married again, and the new queen lost no time in raising his animosity against the famous cleric. After innumerable quarrels, Wilfrid was sent from Northumbria in disgrace, and found a temporary resting-place in Mercia. It was here, also, that Etheldreda was residing as Abbess of the Monastery of Ely. The refuge thus given to the fugitives led to an open rupture, in 679, between Egfrid and Wulfere. They had both been adding considerably to their dominions, and, with the King of Wessex, now constituted the only three powers in the land. It had long been seen that there must eventually be a struggle between these rival monarchs; and, therefore, when the present disagreement

arose, there was no disposition on the part of the Mercians to submit to Northern dictation. Wulfere had been remarkably fortunate in his Southern wars, and thought the time had now arrived when he might throw off the over-lordship which Mercia had not ceased to acknowledge, though she had freed herself from the yoke of direct subjection. But Northumbria was a very different antagonist to either the West Saxons or the Jutes. The armies had no sooner crossed swords, on the banks of the Trent, than victory seemed assured for the Northmen, and, in the end, they were so successful that Wulfere was compelled to purchase peace by handing over to his conquerors the whole area of Lincolnshire.

THE ATTACK ON IRELAND.

This was by no means an insignificant reward for a short campaign; but it is more than likely that the terms would have been very much harder, if Egfrid had not required his soldiers for an attack in an entirely different quarter. A year or two elapsed before his plans were matured; but, in 684, he proclaimed a descent on the coast of Ireland, and sent a noted chieftain named Heort to do his bidding. There is no means of knowing what this leader's instructions really were, as Bede's record deals only with the results. We learn, however, that a harmless nation was miserably wasted, and that in the savage fury of the depredators neither churches nor monasteries were spared.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Tynemouth sketch is from a beautiful engraving in "Allom's Views" of the four Northern Counties. It is of interest as showing not only the site of Oswin's shrine, and the subsequent priory, but as giving a fair indication of the methods by which this important position was at one time defended. If we substitute earthen mounds for the stone fortifications, we may easily conceive what the place looked like at a very much earlier period. Our other illustrations gives an idea of two very remarkable places—Lindisfarne and Whitby. The first depicts the "solemn, huge, and dark red pile" which still overhangs the cliffs at Lindisfarne, and the second shows the ruins of the famous abbey at Whitby. For boldness of situation, or for historic interest, it would be impossible to find their equal in the country. Aidan's Monastery was the first great centre of Christianity in Northern England, and the monks from Holy Island—travelling over bleak moorlands and through pathless forests—were mainly instrumental in bringing about the conversion of the people. It was the training school of Wilfrid, the great Bishop of York, and the founder of Hexham and Ripon; it was for a time the home of Cedd, of Lastingham; and it was the scene of the greatest triumphs of the gentle and scholarly Eata. It was through the saintly Aidan, too, that Melrose owed its origin, and was able to send out such pupils as Cuthbert. It was at Aidan's instigation, also, that the royal Hilda was induced to settle at Hartlepool, and to commence the work which culminated so effectually in her new religious house at Whitby. As in the case of Lindisfarne, the great Yorkshire monastery gave to the world many notable men. Five of its monks became bishops—Bosa and Wilfrid II. were chosen for York; John of Beverley, the friend of Bede, being sent to Hexham; Ella going to Dorchester; and Offer to the see of Worcester. Whitby was the scene of the famous clerical synod, in 664, when kings and priests assembled for the settlement of the Easter question. It also gave shelter and encouragement to Caedmon, the father of English poetry; and had frequently

within its portals the greatest and wisest theologians of the day.

The Rook and the Jackdaw.

ROOKS (*Corvus frugilegus*) are more or less migrants. In autumn many of the Northern birds cross the North Sea and winter in this country, while our native birds, at least a portion of them, winter possibly as far to the south as Africa. "Large numbers of rooks," says Dr. Brehm, "are destroyed during their migrations, which are made in flocks of incredible magnitude; whilst flying in this manner from place to place, they may sometimes be seen to delay their course for half an hour at a time, merely to enjoy the pleasure of hovering or performing a variety of evolutions on the wing, descending somewhat in their flight as they pass over mountains, and soaring high into the air when about to cross lowland districts. Sometimes, as though again wishing to alight, they plunge directly earthwards, falling like a lifeless mass from 200 feet above the ground, and then fly gently onwards on their journey."

Rooks are of social habits at all times of the year, and nest in colonies, never singly. In the nesting season the birds are very jealous of their presumed rights, and stray birds, not reared in the rookery, are not allowed to nest there. If they attempt to do so, they are ruthlessly beaten off, and sometimes killed. The last rookery in Newcastle was that at the Barras Bridge, where, as Mr. Hancock tells us, the birds were so persecuted by being pelted with stones that they deserted the place in 1866. There were formerly other rookeries inside the town, but this was the last.*

The food of rooks consists chiefly of the larvae of cockchafer and those of other beetles, moths and insects, wireworms, snails, slugs, and worms. They will also eat potatoes, and farm and garden produce occasionally; but, except when they are over numerous, they are beneficial to the agriculturists, whose crops would else suffer from the vermin which the rooks destroy in enormous numbers. They are very knowing and wary birds, and are quite aware who are their enemies. They can quickly discern between a gun and a walking stick; and if the latter be held out in shooting fashion, they will take no notice of it, but go on feeding in the fields. Should a gamekeeper, or a person with a gun, appear, however, they get out of the way at once.

The nests (large structures) are composed of sticks and twigs, cemented with clay and tufts of grass, and lined with roots, sometimes mixed with wool. The eggs are from four to five, and vary much in size, shape, and mark-

* For an account of rooks and daws in Newcastle, see an interesting paper by the late James Clephan, in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, page 178.

ing. They are of a pale green colour, blotched with darker and lighter patches of yellowish and greenish brown. The male is one foot seven inches long, and the black plumage is "shot" with purple, especially on the back. The female is about an inch shorter than the



male. The young resemble the female, but have at first feathers at the base of the bill. White, cream-coloured, and pied varieties are occasionally met with.

The jackdaw (*Corvus monedula*) is a well-known bird throughout the country. It frequents towns, where it nests in church steeples, old buildings, and chimneys. In the country it breeds in old castles, churches, holes in decayed trees, and also in the high cliffs on the sea shore. It is often found in company with rooks. Daws will sometimes build their nests in rookeries, and they always seem to be on good terms with their larger relatives. The birds are easily distinguished from the rooks by their smaller size, their flight, the grey patch behind the head, and their note, which is a sharp "kiaw." Jack is a familiar and sprightly bird, is very easily tamed, and can be taught to talk tolerably well. Like the magpie, their peculative propensities in captivity are well known. Readers of "Ingoldsby" will recollect the humorous story of the "Jackdaw of Rheims," the recipient of a terrible curse by bell, book, and candle, for stealing the Lord Cardinal's ring, and the remarkable result that followed the irate prelate's fulmination; how the bird lost its feathers through the potency of the ban; how they were miraculously restored when the curse was taken off on the ring being found; and how the bird was eventually canonised as "Jim Crow."

The jackdaws are social birds, and live in communities; and the male and female are believed to pair for life. Their flight is more rapid and jerky than that of the rooks. The nests of the birds are composed of huge piles of sticks, loosely put together, with a depression in the centre lined with wool, hair, grass, or other soft sub-

stance. The jackdaws frequently build their nests in chimneys, regardless of the smoke, and they sometimes so completely block up the vents that the sweep has to be called in to clear them out. In large towns, in the nesting season, the juvenile sweeps have often young daws for sale. In Cambridge, where these birds are numerous, building in the cottages and church towers, no less (as Adams tells us) than eighteen dozen of deal laths, about nine inches long and one inch broad, which had been purloined from the botanic gardens, where they were put into the ground as labels for the plants, were found in the shaft of one chimney in which the birds had built. Like the rooks, jackdaws are more or less migratory. As Dr. Brehm states, they leave late in autumn for warmer regions in company with the rooks, though but rarely journeying as far as the latter birds. The spring is usually far advanced before they return to their native haunts and commence the work of building or repairing their nests. During building operations, the settlement is a constant scene of quarrelling, one bird stealing from another when a chance offers. The young are fed upon insects, and tended with great affection by their parents, who will also defend them from an enemy with much courage. Should an owl or buzzard venture to approach the colony, the intruder is at once attacked and driven off. Large quantities of insects, snails, and worms are



devoured by these useful and lively birds. They will seek their food in the streets of populous towns, or follow in the wake of the ploughman as he turns up the furrow and lays the concealed grubs bare to their hungry beaks.

The eggs in a nest are from four to six in number, of a pale bluish white, spotted with grey and brown, but they vary much in size and marking. The young are hatched about the end of May. The male bird weighs about nine ounces; length, about one foot two inches; bill, black, covered at the base with depressed feathers; iris, greyish white; crown, black; neck, on the back and nape, hoary grey; and the whole of the rest of the plumage black. The female is less than the male, and the grey on the neck is less conspicuous. The young birds have but little of the grey at first, which increases with age.

HENRY KERR.

"Wandering Willie."

MANY a touching story has been told of the faithfulness of the dog, yet there are few, in my opinion, so remarkable as that of "Wandering Willie," the Northumbrian collie which sixteen years ago became celebrated on the Shields ferry by its devoted and persevering search for its master. It was in August, 1873, that a shepherd was on his way from the Cheviots to the Cleveland Hills with a beautiful drove of white lambs. Great was their excitement when they crossed the Tyne at Shields by the steam ferry. The mingling noise of the steam-engine and the paddle-wheels, the gurgling of the waters, and the whirl of traffic disturbed their mountain serenity; and no sooner had their trotters touched the county palatine, and their nostrils sniffed the unwonted atmosphere of a manufacturing town, than off they scampered in astonishment and consternation. They were in a region of glass-houses and alkali works, and soon they saw signs of what seemed to them a thunderstorm. It was simply a cloud of dense black smoke, but it brought them to a sudden halt. It was a new world to them, and they were not at all at home in it. So they fled for escape, describing all manner of curves and angles in their alarm. Every thoroughfare had now its separate flock; not a street, or lane, or alley was unvisited by the bleating mountaineers, and distress and distraction accompanied their flight.

The shepherd's dog would fain have followed them all at one and the same time; but, if Boyle Roche's head could be in two places at once, who ever heard of anybody being in six or seven? The dog pursued the lambs, however, in turns. Bounding and running, turning and driving, he got them at last into one flock, and, with a zeal and earnestness worthy of human imitation, brought

them all to the presence of his master. At the first count one of their number was apparently missing, and the drover raised a cry in Willie's ear which he well understood. Away he ran in chase of the missing lamb, but in his absence the drove was found to be complete.

The autumn sun had now gone down, the toil-worn shepherd had four miles to go before resting his weary charge, and he moved onward. The dog, which was expected to follow, did not return from his search for hours. He had sought the town in every conceivable corner for the supposed missing one, and late at night was once more at the ferry in quest of his master. He was not there, nor was he anywhere to be found. Men came and went, but in none of these could the poor brute identify the friend who was lost. Willie lay down in the track of his companion of the morning, moaning over his loss, and almost dead with work and want. He lingered on the spot for days and weeks, even for months, refusing comfort, growling at consolation, and setting his teeth against the kindest efforts to win him from his despair. He could only be lured into a meal by placing it within his reach, and leaving him unlooked at until the friendly purpose was served. He seemed to have a notion that whatever interest was manifested in his welfare, whether it came in the form of generous sympathy or substantial food, was but meant as a bribe to induce him to forget his former master and enter the service of some new friend; and he would enlist under no leader in the place of him whom he had followed from the hills.

For fully six months the writer visited him daily, yet nothing but a growl could be got from him in acknowledgment of any proffered attention. His independent spirit scorned all patronage. Offerings were constantly laid in his way; but he preferred to seek out on the shore rejected scraps of sustenance, and so provide for his own maintenance. About this time the miser



able waif, pining away out of life and an object of generous pity, was one night, with the best and most humane intentions, thrown overboard from the steam ferry when the tide was running strongly seawards. But Willie had endured much, and yet lived. He had a canine tenacity of life, and he clung to it still. Notwithstanding his protracted sufferings, he strove against death, and in some unknown way escaped from the waves that threatened him with destruction. He was seen a week afterwards resuming his search. Hour by hour, night and day, he was found crossing the river by the ferry, making over and over again the passage which he had first undertaken on his arrival from the Cheviots. He always warily watched to see if the arm was on board that had dropped him into the stream, and if so, having no wish to be thus relieved of his cares, waited for the next boat. His master, returning in the following autumn, heard of his long lonely wanderings, but missed him by a few minutes, and could not recover him on that journey.

Frequently was Willie taken home by friendly butchers, farmers, seamen, and others, and detained with hospitable thoughts, for he had awakened the widest sympathy by his devotion; but in a week or two he would break away from their care to renew his solitary life. When the close of 1874 drew on, there were general doubts whether he would survive the winter. His wearing anxiety had told upon his frame, and reduced him to a mere "ruckle of bones." Time, however, that works wonders with us all, brought alleviation at last even to Willie. With a new black coat, and the ring round his neck restored in whiteness, he began to respond to the paternal kindness which all the ferrymen, and everyone who knew his story, bestowed upon him. He was even seen at last to wag his tail! Food was accepted more readily, and with expressions of gratitude. His strength was regained, and he had a happier countenance. Not in the least, however, did he lighten his labours. He pursued them with added energy and zeal. His daily and nightly wanderings in search of his long-lost master went forward as earnestly as ever.

Shortly after Willie's woes were publicly known, he became such an object of interest to rich and poor alike that all kinds of food were brought to him. In fact, he grew vulgarly fat, and began to growl at every dog that crossed the ferry. On reaching land he claimed the right of being "first man" out, and would bark furiously as a proclamation that he had brought all the passengers safely over the water. This he did for several years. At last the street arabs, "turning to mirth all things on earth, as only boyhood can," joined chorus with Willie, and created such a nuisance that the poor brute and his ragamuffin comrades had to be banished from the locality of the landing places. The dog, with Ralph, the ferryman, his keeper, was afterwards but occasionally seen in the streets of Shields. He once more grew disconsolate.

Blindness and infirmities quickly gathered upon him, and at last, in 1880, old age finished his career. Ralph the ferryman had him stuffed and placed under a glass case, and many thousands attracted to Tyneside exhibitions have gazed on this memorial of animal fidelity.

THOMAS HUDSON.

The Miller's Cottage, Barras Bridge, Newcastle.

THE last fragment of old property at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, has just disappeared. Persons passing near St. Thomas's Church may have noticed one house, not far from the corner of Eldon Street, which was some three feet below the level of the adjoining property. This was the Miller's Cottage, and it is this building which has now been taken down. The lower level of the house indicated that the roadway had been raised since the time it was built. When Barras



The Miller's Cottage, Barras Bridge, 1884.

Bridge was a reality, and not a mere name, as it is now, the district round about it had a pleasant and picturesque aspect. The Baillie Burn, which flowed from the Town Moor down Eldon Street into Pandon Dene, passed under the Barras Bridge. It was, however, intercepted near the foot of Eldon Street for the purposes of the Barrow's Mill, and the intercepted water was called the Miller's Pond. The Miller's Cottage got its name, of course, from its association with the Barrow's Mill. A few years ago, during a terrific thunderstorm which caused a flood of water to flow down Eldon Street and the North Road, the occupants of the Miller's Cottage were nearly drowned out. Now that the old building has been levelled with the ground, nothing remains to indicate the ancient features of the Barras Bridge. Our sketch of the cottage was taken just before the workmen commenced operations.

Notes and Commentaries.

A HARTLEPOOL GINEVRA.

Hartlepool was the scene of a fatal affair about the year 1876 that recalled the fate of Ginevra. Mr. Kelk, cashier to the building firm of Whitley and Company, who had been recently married, invited on a certain evening a party of friends to his house. His young wife, in her anxiety to get out of the hot air, ventured upstairs. Seeing a small closet with a ventilator, she entered to fasten it, when the current of the air closed the door. In vain she called the servants, although she could hear the door bell rung and the visitors enter. As none suspected that the imprisoned lady was in the roof of the house, all the other parts of the dwelling and grounds were searched. One visitor at last suggested that there might be an old oak chest with a secret spring, and this gave a clue to the closet. When at last found, Mrs. Kelk was seriously ill and hysterical. Violent epileptic fits followed, and, the shock being more than the nervous system could sustain, death shortly put an end to her sufferings. MALCOLM, Newcastle.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH AND THE SCOTTISH PRISONERS.

Robin Goodfellow notes, in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, that Mr. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., joint author with Mr. W. H. Knowles of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead," does not discard one of the most cherished legends of Tyneside—the legend which ascribes the preservation of St. Nicholas' Church, during the siege by the Scots in 1644, to the presence of mind of Sir John Marley. The story was preserved by tradition for nearly a hundred years before it found its way into print. Bourne appears to have told it for the first time, and all subsequent historians have repeated it after him. Mr. Boyle tells it again, adding the sentiment:—"Such is the tradition, and there seems no reason to doubt its truth." Old and well known as the legend is, it may not be "tinker's news" to some readers even of these pages: so it is here given as Mr. Boyle quotes it from Bourne:—

There is a traditional Story of this Building I am now treating of [St. Nicholas's Church], which may not be improper to be here taken Notice of. In the Time of the Civil Wars, when the Scots had besieged the Town for several Weeks, and were still as far as at first from taking it, the General [Lesley] sent a Messenger to the Mayor of the Town [Marley], and demanded the Keys, and the Delivering up of the Town, or he would immediately demolish the Steeple of St. Nicholas. The Mayor and Aldermen upon hearing this, immediately ordered a certain Number of the chiefest of the Scottish Prisoners to be carried up to the Top of the old Tower, the Place below the Lanthorne, and there confined; after this they returned the General an Answer to this Purpose, That they would upon no Terms deliver up the Town, but would to the last Moment defend it; that the Steeple of St. Nicholas was indeed a beautiful and magnificent Piece of Architecture, and one of the

great Ornaments of their Town; but yet should be blown into Atoms before ransom'd at such a Rate: That, however, if it was to fall, it should not fall alone; that the same Moment he destroyed the beautiful Structure, he should Bath his Hands in the Blood of his Countrymen; who were placed there on Purpose either to preserve it from Ruin, or to die along with it. This Message had the desired Effect. The Men were there kept Prisoners during the whole Time of the Siege, and not so much as one Gun fired against it.

A SUNDERLAND HERO.

Martin Douglas, born at Sunderland, November 23rd, 1777, was the seventh son of John and Ann Douglas, and was christened at Bishopwearmouth Church. At the early age of four, he was in great danger of losing his life. Whilst standing on the quay, he overbalanced himself and fell into the river, but was rescued by a man named William Wardell.

When he had attained the age of seven, he began to accompany his father in the keels. This life he continued to lead until he was seventeen years of age. When the *Ajax* was wrecked in Sunderland Roads, Douglas succeeded in rescuing the whole of the crew. In all he was compelled to make three trips. Amongst those rescued was the above-mentioned Wardell.

Martin Douglas was at this time running fitter for Mr. W. Hayton. At a meeting of captains and ship-owners it was decided that, unless Douglas would commence business for himself, they would not load any more with him. However, he would not consent to this without asking the opinion of Mr. Hayton. Martin Douglas, being now a man of substance, decided to ask his employer to enter into partnership with him. Hayton at once agreed to this proposal. Business prospered with them for some years, until Hayton, after collecting all the money he could lay hands on, decamped to Buenos Ayres. Although now a bankrupt, Douglas continued to struggle on, and at last regained his lost position.

Although busily engaged with his own affairs, he was always conspicuous in saving life. Amongst the many vessels whose crews he saved may be mentioned the *Cyra*, the *Adriatic*, the *Diligence*, the *Jane* and *Margaret*, and the *Betsy* and *Alice*, of Shields. Douglas afterwards went to live at Hartlepool, where he also saved many lives, finally settling down at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, to spend the remainder of his days.

F. JOHNSON, Hartlepool.

GENERAL MONK IN NEWCASTLE.

The following statements are extracted from Sykes's "Local Records":—

In November, 1659, General Lambert arrived at Newcastle with a force of about 12,000 men, comprehending, as was reported, 7,000 of the chief of the cavalry. The soldiers of the garrison of Tynemouth Castle having been drawn into a chapel there to sign an engagement to support Lambert and his followers, the roof fell in and killed a number of them. There appears to have been a great number of Quakers in Lambert's army in Newcastle, where they bargained for and sold horses, to be paid when such or such a steeple-house (i.e., church) was

pulled down. On Jan. 1, 1660, General Monk, with Lord Fairfax and other English friends, passed the Tweed with six regiments of foot, and were followed the next day by four regiments of horse, in order to advance towards Lambert (who commanded superior forces in and about Newcastle) to oppose him. On January 6th Monk arrived at Newcastle, on the road to which place he was met by great multitudes of the common people, who welcomed him by loud acclamations. General Lambert appears to have quitted Newcastle about the time that General Monk began his march from Coldstream.

CHAS. WM. F. GOSS, Jesmond.

RIDLEY VILLAS.

An error occurs in the article describing Newcastle Streets, page 106. Ridley Villas are spoken of as leasehold, &c., and paying £5 ground rent per annum. The houses are now freehold, and consequently do not pay any ground rent. They may have been leasehold twenty or thirty years ago. So far as I remember, without reference to the deeds, many of the houses have been built quite sixty-five years, and would, therefore, if leasehold, have reverted to the ground landlord.

S. B. BURTON, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CURIOUS FLIGHT.

A short time ago, a quarryman was about to "flight" his pigeon in a match at Windy Nook, the starting point being near a field of corn. With his watch in one hand and the pigeon in the other, he became so excited that he "flit" the watch instead of the bird, the watch falling amongst the corn. The quarryman at once put his bird into a box, and went in search of the watch. The tenant of the field now appeared on the scene, and demanded to know why the stranger was trespassing on his land. "It's aall reet," said the quarryman, "aa've flitted ma watch, and lost the match!"

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

One dark night, a pitman was returning from Durham to Brandon. Whilst proceeding along a very lonely part of the road, he was accosted by two strangers, who demanded his money. Geordy made no reply, but at once attacked his assailants. It was very soon evident that he was getting the best of it. One of the thieves, however, seized a hedge-stake, and felled the pitman to the ground. The robbers then rifled Geordy's pockets; but, finding only sixpence, one of them remarked: "Begox, Jack, if the fond beggor had had a shilling, he wad hae killed us byeth!"

THE ARTIST AND THE PITMAN.

An amateur artist had spent several hours in copying a certain mill not far from Blaydon, and paused for a moment to survey his picture, with which he appeared to

be satisfied. His equanimity, however, was somewhat disturbed by the following query addressed to him by a pitman, who had been critically examining the drawing: "Is that a pictor, sor, of a plyce someheor aboot these pairts!"

DOCKENS AND HERBS.

A local artist, who wished to obtain certain objects as foreground subjects, paid a visit to the country, and collected a number of dockens and plants, which he was about to put into a bag. He was startled by a pitman shouting: "Ye great fyul, them isn't yarbs!"

THE WIFE'S NAME.

"Mr. Mullberry, can you tell me what was the maiden name of your second wife?" queried a sharp elderly clerk from a long-established firm of Durham lawyers, who was getting up a will case. "Man, that's just what aa was disputing about wiv a friend the other meet. Bless me, what was it? Wey, man—it wes—no, but that's odd! Aa've clean forgotten; but ye'll surely mind her nyem weel enef yorsel? She wes a lassie frae 'The Tuns,' and had rethor a giggle in yen eye!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 15th of March, Mr. Michael Urwin, buyer and salesman in the provision department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Newcastle, died at his residence, Belgrave Terrace, in that city, aged 42.

The Rev. Dr. Porter, President of the Belfast Queen's College, and formerly pastor of the High Bridge Presbyterian Church in Newcastle, died on the 16th of March, in the 66th year of his age.

Mr. J. Lockety, of Kay's Hill Farm, Ferryhill, and a member of the Chilton School Board, died very suddenly on the 16th of March, aged 45 years.

On the same day, at the age of 68, died Mr. Matthew Bowmer, who for a great number of years had conducted the business of Messrs. John Davidson and Co., millers, in the Close, Newcastle.

Sergeant Peter Walton, vergor of St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, who, as a soldier, had been engaged in active service during the Indian Mutiny, died on the 17th of March, in his 56th year.

On the 19th of March, Father Joseph Preston, one of the professors at Ushaw College, died at Lancaster, whither he had removed for the benefit of his health. The deceased was quite a young man, and had only been ordained since August, 1886.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 92 years, died at Manchester, Mr. John Boutflower, F.R.C.S., long a medical practitioner in that city. The deceased gentleman was descended from an old Northumbrian family, who held an estate near Bywell from 1532 to 1829; and through marriage he was related to the Riddleys, Claverings, Radcliffes, and chief Northumberland families.

The Rev. Luke Tyerman, a retired Wesleyan minister, who was at one time stationed in Newcastle, and who, after the death of his first wife, married a widow lady, sister of Mr. E. M. Bainbridge, of Newcastle, died in

London on the 20th of March. The Rev. Ishmael Jones, a minister of the same body, who, from 1883 to 1885, was stationed at Newcastle as Superintendent of the Brunswick Circuit, died suddenly at Clifton on the 23rd of the same month.

On the 22nd of March, the Rev. Canon Cockin, late Rector of Bishopwearmouth, died at York at the age of 72. In 1866, he was mainly instrumental in procuring the passing of the Rectory Act, after which St. Peter's, St. Mark's, St. Luke's, and St. Matthew's Churches were built.

Mr. Robert Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, in the county of Durham, died at his London residence, 5, Collingham Gardens, on the 22nd of March. The deceased gentleman, who, having been born on the 7th of April, 1806, was within a few days of the 83rd anniversary of his birth, sat in the House of Commons, as one of the members for North Durham, from 1847 to 1868, when he retired from active political life. He owned extensive estates at Witton-le-Wear, Washington, and Whitworth, and he had recently presented a spacious recreation ground to the inhabitants of Spennymoor. The Shafto family came originally from the Borders, where they were, in olden times, often mixed up in the frays so common on the debatable ground lying between Scotland and England.

On the 21st of March, Mr. Thomas Mitford, tobacconist, died at his residence in Grainger Street, Newcastle, at the age of 62 years. The deceased, who had formerly been employed as a compositor in the office of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was a son of the late Mr. William Mitford, author of "Cappy's the Dog," and other well-known local songs.

The Rev. W. L. J. Cooley, Vicar of Ponteland, and Canon of Newcastle Cathedral, died on the 22nd of March, at Grange-over-Sands, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health. The deceased, who was a student at Hatfield Hall, Durham, took the degree of B.A. in 1857, and that of M.A. in 1860. He was ordained a deacon in 1856, and was admitted to priest's orders in the year following.

On the 25th of March, the death was announced of the Rev. H. E. Slacke, Government Chaplain at Satoru, India, and younger son of the Rev. W. J. Slacke, Chaplain Northumberland County Asylum.

On the 26th of March, the Rev. Robert Scott, pastor of Bankhill Presbyterian Church, Berwick, who had attained the semi-jubilee of his ministry, died in the 63rd year of his age.

On the same day, the death was announced at Rye of an old sailor named James Bayley, who was known to have saved no fewer than 26 lives, frequently at the imminent risk of his own. On one occasion he kept three men afloat in Sunderland Harbour until they were rescued.

On the 28th of March, the Rev. William Saul, a Primitive Methodist minister of forty years' standing, who had been stationed at Newcastle and many other parts of the North of England, died at Doncaster at the age of 62.

Mr. William Whelan, for upwards of five years honorary secretary of the Irish Literary Institute in Newcastle, died on the 28th of March.

Mr. Edward Taylor Smith, J.P., of Broadwood Park and Colepike Hall, Lanchester, died at the former place on the 3rd of April, aged 86. Deceased, who was the oldest magistrate in the West Division of Chester Ward,

had amassed considerable wealth both as a coalowner and landed proprietor. He was for a long period a member of the Lanchester Board of Guardians, and was of a generous and benevolent disposition.

On the 7th of April, Mr. James Douglas, long a director of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company, and for nearly sixty years an elder in Blackett Street Church, Newcastle, died at his residence in that city. The deceased, who was originally a woollen draper in the town, had reached the advanced age of ninety years.

The death took place on the 10th of April of Mr. Wm. Walton Thompson, of Lanchester, at the age of 70 years. The deceased gentleman had filled many public and parochial offices.

On the 11th of April, news was received of the death, at Whangarei, New Zealand, on February 4th, of Mr. Samuel B. Siddall, who was formerly a well-known music-hall proprietor in North and South Shields. Five or six years ago Mr. Siddall emigrated with his family to New Zealand, where he engaged in farming and building operations.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MARCH.

14.—The picturesque old windmill near to Walker Railway Station was razed to the ground by blasting. It had been in a ruined state for some time, and was



one of the last of many windmills that were formerly in operation around Newcastle. It was a favourite subject with local artists.

15.—The result was declared in connection with the election for the Jarrow School Board. The poll was

headed by a Catholic, and of the eleven members returned seven had had seats on the old Board.

16.—At a large meeting of Durham miners, held at Walldridge Fell, resolutions were passed to the effect that the time had arrived when an advance in wages of 20 per cent. should be asked for, that the present sliding scale was far from satisfactory, that it should be abolished, and that all miners should join the Miners' Association.

18.—A woman named Mary Ann Fletcher met with her death in a shocking manner in a house in Drury Lane, Newcastle. Quarrelling and screams were heard in the room occupied by the deceased and her husband, Thomas Fletcher; and, upon the neighbours entering, blood was found flowing profusely from a wound in the lower part of the woman's body, death taking place within a very brief space of time. The husband was arrested, and the coroner's jury afterwards returned a verdict of wilful murder against him, while the borough magistrates committed him for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

—In celebration of St. Patrick's Day, which had fallen on the previous day (Sunday), a large meeting was held in the Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, the chief speaker being Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., and ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin.

—The Prince of Wales arrived at York, and stayed till the 21st, in company with his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, captain of the 10th Hussars, stationed in that city.

—It was announced that the personal estate, under the will of Mr. William Hedley, of Burnhopeside Hall, near Lanchester, Durham, had been declared at £174,119 19s. 6d. The personality under the will of Mr. Thomas Parker, of Bishopwearmouth, was at the same time stated to be valued at £81,747 6s. 9d.

19.—Mr. W. H. Smith, in the House of Commons, announced the resolution of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission, for which Mr. T. Burt had given notice of his intention to move, to inquire into the question of mining royalties.

—The prospectus was issued of the Newcastle Empire Theatre of Varieties and Restaurant Company, Limited, with a capital of £20,000 in £10 shares, to purchase and convert to those objects the Royal Scotch Arms Hotel, Newgate Street, Newcastle.

—The Rev. John G. Binney was welcomed as pastor of the Hexham Road Congregational Church, Gateshead.

—Much speculation was created by the announcement, from Manchester, of a contemplated project, under the title of "The Coalowners', Lessees', Workmen's, and Co-operative Association Limited," to form a syndicate for the purchase of all the collieries in the kingdom, the necessary capital being estimated at £100,000,000.

20.—A violent gale of wind and rain prevailed over the North-East Coast, during which a Tyne fisherman named John Hope was drowned, from the screw line boat Athena, off Souter Point Lighthouse.

—An increase of 2½ per cent. in the wages of the steel-workers at Consett was found to have accrued under the sliding scale.

21.—Mr. W. D. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens, the ex-Mayor and ex-Mayoress of Newcastle, gave a supper and entertainment in the Lower Central Hall to a number of men who had been brought before the magistrates or convicted on the charge of drunkenness. On the 4th of April, they similarly entertained about 120 female drunkards.

—Herr Joachim, the well-known Hungarian violinist, performed at a chamber concert in Newcastle.

22.—The fifth triennial election of eleven members to serve on the Allendale School Board took place, six of the old representatives being re-elected. Mr. Charles James Cannon, Allenheads, headed the poll.

—A town's meeting on the subject of railway rates under the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888, was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor.

—Judge Meynell, at a sitting of the Sunderland County Court, made a winding-up order in connection with the Sunderland Universal Building Societies.

—George Anderson, stoneman, aged 54, was killed by an accidental explosion of powder in the pit at Burnopfield.

23.—Dr. Sandford, formerly Bishop of Tasmania, now assistant to the Bishop of Durham, was inducted into the living of Boldon, by the Archdeacon of Durham.

24.—A new Baptist school-chapel was opened in Marton Road, Middlesbrough.

—During the absence of her husband, the wife of a labourer, named John Nicholson, residing at Fairhill, Haltwhistle, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared with three of her children; and as two of the bodies of the little ones were subsequently found in a burn near the river Tyne, portions of the mother's clothing being traced to the same source, it was concluded that all had been drowned. It transpired at the coroner's inquest that the unfortunate woman had previously been in a lunatic asylum, but had been discharged quite cured; and the jury, while finding that the children had been drowned, added that there was not sufficient evidence to show how they had got into the water. The body of Mrs. Nicholson was found in the river Tyne, near Haydon Bridge, on the 28th.

25.—An advance of wages was conceded to the operative plumbers employed in the various shipbuilding yards on the Tyne.

—During a northerly gale, the steam-trawler Chancellor, of North Shields, ran ashore at Newton-by-the-Sea, on the Northumberland coast, but the crew were saved.

26.—The bill of the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Company, which sought powers for additional works and capital, came before a Select Committee of the House of Lords.

—The time-gun at the mouth of the Tyne was fired at one o'clock, for the first time since the discontinuance of the signal some months previously.

—Several ladies were nominated as candidates for election both on the Newcastle and the Gateshead Board of Guardians.

27.—The business of Messrs. Bragg and Co., drapers, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, established by Mr. Hadwen Bragg in 1788, was privately disposed of to Messrs. Bainbridge and Co., of Market Street, in the same city. (See vol. i., p. 35.)

—At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Bruce stated that the Roman Wall passed along in the direction of the Turf Hotel, Collingwood Street, Newcastle, which was now in course of demolition; and he expressed a hope that the operations in progress might lay bare some of the work of their great predecessors, the Romans. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 327.)

30.—At a meeting of fishermen at North Shields, it was resolved that on and after the 1st of May, there should be no fishing from the Tyne on Sundays.

—Resolutions condemnatory of the sliding scale, and demanding an advance of 20 per cent. in wages, were adopted at a meeting held at Silksworth, of the miners employed by the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Durham, and the South Hetton Coal Company.

—A woman named Mary Wilson, 38 years of age, wife of Thomas Wilson, labourer, was taken into custody on the charge of having caused the death of her child, Twentyman Wilson, three months old, by cutting its throat in Elswick Court, Northumberland Street. The poor woman, who was stated to have been mentally deranged, was committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

—It was announced in the *Weekly Chronicle*, as the outcome of much persistent advocacy on the part of Robin Goodfellow, a contributor to that paper, that a committee, under the presidency of Dr. Bruce, had been formed to institute a fund for indicating, by suitable tablets, the houses in which distinguished men and women had been born or resided in Newcastle, Dr. Hodgkin being treasurer, and Mr. John Robinson secretary to the fund.

—The twelfth annual dinner of the Hotspur Club, composed of gentlemen connected with Tyneside, was held in London, under the presidency of Mr. John Burnett, Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade; and a gift of books, as the nucleus of a library, was announced from Mr. Joseph Cowen, Newcastle, including the first two volumes of the *Monthly Chronicle*.

—It was stated that, about this time, a handsome gold watch, a gold guard and seal, and £80, likewise in gold, were presented to Thomas Kelk, a working man of Worksop, for having heroically saved the life of Miss Wright, on the occasion of a carriage accident at Stockton, in 1874. The lady, at the time a child, had, after having thanked the man and taken his address, told him she could not reward him for his bravery then, but assured him that he would hear from her on some future day.

APRIL.

1.—John Stephen, George Stephen, and William Arkle, fishermen, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Beadnell, Northumberland.

—Mr. James Trainer, Corporation beadle at Berwick, and Mrs. Trainer, celebrated their golden wedding.

—Sunderland having become a county borough under the Local Government Act, the event was celebrated by a banquet given by the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Barnes) to the members of the Council, the magistrates, and officials. The elevation of Gateshead to the same position was, on the 2nd, commemorated by a complimentary dinner to the Mayor (Mr. Alderman John Lucas) in the Council Chamber.

2.—At a special meeting of the members of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, for the discussion of certain proposed alterations in the rules, the prohibition of novels was retained by a majority of 38 against 34.

—A Local Government inquiry was held at Sunderland as to the application of the Corporation for leave to borrow £2,000 for alterations and additions to the public baths.

3.—It was ascertained that a line fishing boat, supposed

to be the Daniah Prince, which left the Tyne on the 25th of March, had been lost off Souther Point on the 26th, with all on board, consisting of eight hands.

4.—The Durham Diocesan Fund, as organised by Bishop Lightfoot, was inaugurated at a large and representative meeting of ladies and gentlemen, with the clergy of the diocese, in the Assembly Hall, Fawcett Street, Sunderland, the chair being occupied by Mr. James Laing, J.P.

—A system of oil gas lighting was introduced into several of the carriages on the North-Eastern Railway.

—At the annual meeting of the shareholders, it was decided by a majority of 622 against 427, to discontinue coursing in connection with the Gosforth Park Company, Limited.

5.—An inquest was held at Sedgefield by Coroner Settle upon the body of an old man named Lumley Foster, a reputed miser. "Lummy," as he was called by his neighbours, was of a very eccentric disposition. He lived by himself in an old cottage, and laboured under the conviction that a plot existed to poison him. This had taken such firm hold upon his mind that he could not be induced to drink any of the town water, but would fetch his supply from a distant stream, entailing upon each occasion a journey of about six miles. A verdict of "Death from natural causes" was returned.

—The members of Mr. T. A. Alderson's amateur choir gave their nineteenth invitation concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle, before a large audience.

—A dolphin, measuring about twelve feet in length, was caught off the quiet little fishing village of Cresswell, on the Northumberland coast.

6.—The Northumberland coalowners, in reply to a request made by Mr. Burt, M.P., and Mr. Fenwick, M.P., on behalf of the miners of the county, declined to grant an advance of 10 per cent. in wages.

—Mr. John Barksby, a well-known contributor to the "Songs and Recitations" department of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, met with an accident from a fall of stone while pursuing his occupation as wasteman at New Seaham Colliery. The accident terminated fatally on the following day. Mr. Barksby had gathered together an enormous collection of local and other lyrics.

7.—Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, a London lady, preached the anniversary sermons in connection with the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle.

8.—It was announced in a Sunderland paper that the Prince and Princess of Wales had received at Marlborough House Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, who had lately returned from attempting to open out a trade route with Siberia through the Kara Sea.

10.—The spring show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne Botanical and Horticultural Society was opened in the Town Hall Buildings, Newcastle. The exhibition remained open a second day, and the receipts for the two days amounted to £156 13s. 6d.

General Occurrences.

MARCH.

15.—The election for a Parliamentary representative for the Kensington Division of Lambeth, in the room of Mr. Gent Davis, Conservative, resulted as follows:—Mark Beaufoy (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,069; R. Beres-

ford Hope (Conservative), 3,439; majority, 630. The Liberal party gained a seat.

16.—Death of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., at his



residence in Stamford Road, Kensington, London, aged 89 years.

21.—The Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, formerly Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, died at the age of 83.

24.—The polling for a Parliamentary vacancy in the Gorton Division of Lancashire, caused by the death of Mr. Richard Peacock, resulted as follows:—William Mather (Gladstonian Liberal), 5,158; Ernest Hatch (Conservative), 4,309; majority, 846.

26.—Intelligence was received that the Hon. Guy Dawnay, formerly M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire, had been killed by a buffalo while on a hunting expedition in Masailand, South Africa.

27.—Death of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., at his residence, One Ash, Rochdale, aged 78 years. (See page 206.)

—The appointment of the following American Ministers was announced:—Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, Great Britain; Mr. Whitelaw Reid, France; Mr. Murat Halstead, Germany; Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, Russia.

28.—A national conference of miners from all parts of Great Britain, except Durham, was held at Birmingham. Resolutions were passed recommending restriction of the output of coal, and that the working hours of all underground workmen be not more than eight hours per day, and only five days per week.

29.—Death of the Earl of Carlisle, aged 81.

31.—The polling for the election of a member of Parliament for the Enfield Division of Middlesex, in the room of Viscount Folkestone, Conservative, who succeeded to the Earldom of Radnor, resulted as follows:—H. F.

Bowles (Conservative), 5,124; W. H. Fairbairns (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,612; majority, 1,515.

—News was received of a fearful storm at Samoa on the 16th. Two German gunboats and a corvette, with nine officers and 87 men, and two American corvettes and a sloop, with four officers and 46 men, were reported lost. The British ship *Calliope* had a narrow escape. Many merchant vessels foundered.

—The Ostend mail packet *Comtesse de Flandre* was sunk in the English Channel by collision with the steamer *Princess Henriette*. Fifteen people were drowned.

—An excursion train was wrecked at Penistone, one person being killed and several injured.

—The Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exhibition was formally inaugurated.

APRIL.

2.—The Parnell Commission re-assembled, and Sir Charles Russell began his speech on behalf of the persons charged.

—Letters were received from Mr. H. M. Stanley, who stated that he had, after marching for five months through a dense forest region, met Emin Pasha in Central Africa.

—General Boulanger left France at the urgent request of his supporters, and took up his quarters at Brussels, from whence he issued a manifesto.

7.—Death of the Duchess of Cambridge, mother of the



present Duke of Cambridge, aged 93; also of the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, musical theorist.

8.—Over thirty vessels were reported to have been wrecked in the Lower Chesapeake Bay, United States.

—Death of Dr. Michel Eugene Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, at the advanced age of 103 years.